
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

JUNE, 1799.

SKETCH OF
THE LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF THE
REVEREND JOSEPH TOWERS, LL. D.

There never yet was any good man who had not an ardent zeal for his country.

Lord Delamer's Advice to his Children.

IN communicating to the world an account of the Life and Writings of eminent men, we afford both ourselves and our readers an high gratification. It is the natural wish of every heart to become acquainted with the writer by whose talents we have been instructed, and by whose virtues we have been impressed. Of this class may be reckoned the subject of our present memoir; his efforts were, for a series of years, directed to the melioration of mankind. His recent decease renders him an object of immediate curiosity; and it is with pleasure we come forward to present the reader with an *early* account of his writings. Such a sketch will not, we trust, fail to produce beneficial effects.

DR. JOSEPH TOWERS was born in the Borough of Southwark, 1737. His father was a bookseller, which circumstance, it is probable, first gave his son a taste for literature. Such incidental matters not unfrequently determine the genius for life. It is well known that a

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pursuit or a profession has arisen from the most accidental situations ; even many individuals have, with difficulty, ascertained the specific cause of their having been thrown into departments which have, afterwards, proved honourable to themselves and serviceable to the community.

How long he remained beneath his paternal roof we are not able to say : but having received a very scanty education, he went to Sherborne, in Dorsetshire. Here he was placed under the care of Mr. Goadby, the celebrated printer, who published many valuable works.

He could not be better situated for the improvement of his mind, and for his acquiring the habits of industry. Of the opportunities afforded him for an advancement in knowledge, he seems carefully to have availed himself. Apprized of its value, he applied with energy to the occupation in which he laboured, and thus became fitted for a more extensive sphere of usefulness.

It may be here proper to mention, that the mind of DR. JOSEPH TOWERS was not indebted to the aids of a regular education. His improvements were his own, in the strictest sense of the word, and, therefore, his merit was the more distinguished. Great must have been the vigour of his intellect, to have been in the possession of so many attainments. With the English tongue he was accurately acquainted—chastity and simplicity of style distinguish all his productions. The Latin and Greek languages also were not unknown to him. In the former, indeed, he was well versed, and could read its best authors with pleasure. Horace was his favourite writer, and the elegant terseness of his lines he admired. Among modern Latin authors he was particularly fond of the great Erasmus, whose writings contributed to the establishment of the Reformation. His Dialogues much pleased him ; the easy turns and smart witticisms with which they abound, were felt by him in all their engaging variety. The extent of his reading, likewise, in his own language, must have been considerable

considerable—the moral, theological, and political knowledge, which he was known to possess, must have been the fruits of intense study, and unwearied application. The history of Britain he had familiarized to his mind. From James I. down to the present period, he was a complete master of the subject; and of the truth of this statement, his *remarks on Hume's History* bear the most irrefragable testimony. Nor was he destitute of a considerable degree of juridical knowledge, which in his two pamphlets, containing observations on Libels, he advantageously displays. Indeed he had deeply studied the nature and extent of the British Constitution.

Let the reader now recollect, that these acquisitions were procured not by the aid of tutors, and amidst the leisure of academic retirement: they were attained by the native vigour of his intellect, and in the bustle and business of human life. These considerations ought not to be forgotten. They assist us in appreciating his character, both as a man and as a writer. They lead us to form an adequate judgment of his talents and application: they serve at the same time to invigorate those, who, combating similar difficulties, are occupied in similar pursuits. From such energy of mind, and such industry of exertion, we have neither inclination nor power to withhold the tribute of commendation.

Having passed several years at Sherborne, he came up to the metropolis, the great theatre, where talents and industry are, with few exceptions, successfully rewarded. Here he commenced Bookseller in the neighbourhood of Cripplegate, and remained for a considerable time in this situation.

About the year 1770, he entered upon the Ministry, and ranked himself among the Presbyterians, a respectable class of the Protestant Dissenters. He was settled for many years at Highgate, and was much esteemed by the religious society to whom he officiated. From his literary engagements in town, the distance became inconvenient; and wanting also more

leisure for the purposes of composition, he removed in 1778, to Newington Green, where he had only one service to perform on the sabbath-day. Here he was greatly respected by a few select friends, and continued his Ministry till removed by death. The celebrated Dr. Richard Price was the afternoon preacher in the same place, and with him he was on terms of the sincerest friendship and amity.

In the year 1779, he received the diploma of LL.D. from the University of Edinburgh.

Dr. Tower's health was in general uninterrupted till about the year 1794, since which period his strength had declined. Attacked three successive times by the jaundice, arising probably from his sedentary mode of life; it severely shook his constitution. He, however, appeared to have been so far recovered, as to have banished the fears of his friends respecting him. This last winter, indeed, has from its length, proved particularly fatal to weak and delicate persons; nay, many even of the firmest corporeal frames have been laid prostrate with the dust!

The death of the subject of this memoir was quite unexpected. He died on Monday the 20th of May, 1799, aged sixty-three years. His relatives and friends were surprised at the suddenness of his removal. He was interred in a most respectful manner at Bunhill Fields; five mourning coaches, together with two gentlemen's carriages, followed the hearse.—Among the mourners, were Mr. Martin, Member of Parliament, Mr. Michael Dobson, Dr. John Disney, and Brand Hollis, Esq. An elegant funeral oration was pronounced by the Rev. Thomas Jervis; to which, in conjunction with the funeral sermon by the Rev. Mr. Lindsay, both of which are in the press, the reader is referred for further information respecting the deceased.

Dr. Joseph Towers was married, and Mrs. Towers still survives. He had two children, a daughter who died an infant, and a son who is Librarian at Dr.

Williams's

Williams's Library, Red-cross Street, the author of an interesting performance, in two volumes, entitled *Illustrations of Prophecy*.

We shall close with a list of the writings of Dr. Joseph Towers, and point out a few of them which are in our opinion most worthy of attention.

The first of his publications in point of extent, were his seven volumes of *British Biography*, his *Lives in the Biographia Britannica*, and his two volumes of the *Memoirs of the King of Prussia*.

His *British Biography* contained an account of the most distinguished persons in the history of Britain. The work was well received, and proved a very acceptable present to the rising generation.

The *Lives in the Biographia Britannica*, amounted to about sixty, and the signature T is annexed to them. His friend, the late excellent Dr. Kippis, was the Editor of this voluminous work, and the assistance he received from Dr. Towers, must have considerably alleviated the task which he had undertaken. They display an extensive reading, are written with accuracy, and cannot, therefore, fail of administering instruction.

In the *Memoirs of the King of Prussia*, he collected the most interesting particulars respecting that extraordinary personage, from a large number of foreign publications. These facts were accompanied with reflections, which displayed his acquaintance with human nature, and which were well calculated to expose the baneful effects of tyranny.

In the notes are biographical sketches of several learned foreigners, from which may be derived no small portion of instruction and entertainment. Indeed, biography was a department in which he excelled, and for which his researches into history had well fitted him. He possessed the faculty of discerning and of arranging into a well constructed and compact narrative, the incidents which best illustrated the temper and character of the subject of his biography.

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Besides these publications, he was the author of a variety of tracts and pamphlets, most of which had an allusion to the events of the times when they were published. In 1796, he collected the principal of them into three octavo volumes, and to the collection is prefixed a respectable list of subscribers. We shall enumerate their contents, persuaded that it will gratify the curiosity of our readers.

Vol. 1st. *A Vindication of the Political Principles of Mr. Locke, in answer to the objections of the Rev. Dr. Tucker, Dean of Gloucester, 1782. A Letter to Dr. Samuel Johnson, occasioned by his late political publications, with an Appendix, containing some observations on a pamphlet published by Dr. Shebbeare, 1775. Observations on Mr. Hume's History of England, 1778.*

Vol. 2d. *Observations on the Rights and Duty of Juries, in trials for libels, together with remarks on the origin and nature of the Law of Libels, 1784. A letter to the Rev. Dr. Nowell, Principal of St. Mary Hall, King's Professor of Modern History, &c. occasioned by his very extraordinary sermon preached before the House of Commons on the 30th of January, 1772.—An Examination into the Nature and Evidence of the Charges brought against Lord William Russell and Algernon Sydney, by Sir John Dalrymple, Bart. in his memoirs of Great Britain, 1773.—A Dialogue between two Gentlemen, concerning the late application to Parliament for Relief in the matter of Subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles and Liturgy of the Church of England, 1772.—A Review of the Genuine Doctrines of Christianity.—An Oration delivered at the interment of the Rev. Caleb Fleming, D. D. July 29, 1779.*

Vol. 3d. *Thoughts on the Commencement of a new Parliament, with an Appendix, containing remarks on the letter of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke on the Revolution in France, 1790.—A Dialogue between an*
Associator

Associator and a well-informed Englishman, on the grounds of the late association, and the commencement of a war with France, 1793.—Remarks on the conduct, principles, and publications of the Association at the Crown and Anchor in the Strand, for preserving liberty and property against Republicans and Levellers, 1793.—An Essay on the Life, Character, and Writings of Dr. Samuel Johnson, 1786.

The whole number of these tracts is *thirteen*, of various merit, but written with perspicuity and energy. The writer of this article recommends particularly to his readers, the Observations on Mr. Hume's History of England, the Essay on the Life, Character, and Writings of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and the Review of the Genuine Doctrines of Christianity.

His *Observations on Mr. Hume's History of England*, ought to be bound up with every copy of that specious and popular production. It is a complete antidote against the political and religious prejudices by which that work is debased. Fame was the God whom the Historian adored, and singularity was in his opinion, a sure mode of exciting the public attention. The experiment was tried, and succeeded. The exploded tyranny of the *Stuarts* found in him an ingenious apologist. Dr. Towers, however, has shown in an able manner, that the British Constitution, purely administered, never sanctioned acts of oppression, but even from its commencement, had for its aim the liberty and happiness of the people.

The Essay on the Life, Character, and Writings of Dr. Samuel Johnson, affords a just and impartial sketch of that extraordinary person. With great judgment the most characteristic traits are here brought together from the publications of Boswell, Hawkins, Piozzi, &c. with which the public was at that period deluged. Socrates used to say, that the statuary found his figure in the block of marble, and striking off with his chissel the superfluous parts, the form gradually presented
itself

itself to fight ! In a similar manner Dr. Towers rejecting all extraneous matter in the biography of this singular personage exhibits to the reader an exact and striking portraiture of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

We shall here transcribe the conclusion of this Biographical Essay, which gives a very faithful picture of JOHNSON :

“ With a slight sketch of some of the principal features of his character, I shall conclude this Essay.

“ He possessed extraordinary powers of understanding, which were much cultivated by study, and still more by meditation and reflection. His memory was remarkably retentive, his imagination uncommonly vigorous, and his judgment keen and penetrating. He had a strong sense of the importance of religion; his piety was sincere, and sometimes ardent; and his zeal for the interests of virtue was often manifested in his conversation and in his writings. The same energy which was displayed in his literary productions, was exhibited also in his conversation, which was various, striking, and instructive; and, perhaps, no man ever equalled him for nervous and pointed repartees.

“ The great originality which sometimes appeared in his conceptions, and the perspicuity and force with which he delivered them, greatly enhanced the value of his conversation; and the remarks that he delivered received additional weight from the strength of his voice, and the solemnity of his manner. He was conscious of his own superiority; and, when in company with literary men, or with those with whom there was any possibility of rivalry or competition, this consciousness was too apparent. With inferiors, and those who readily admitted all his claims, he was often mild and gentle: but to others, such was often the arrogance of his manners, that the endurance of it required no ordinary degree of patience. He was very dexterous at argumentation; and, when his reasonings were not solid, they were at least artful and plausible. His retorts were so powerful, that his friends and acquaintance were generally cautious of entering the lists against him; and the ready acquiescence of those with whom he associated, in his opinions and assertions, probably rendered him more dogmatic than he might otherwise have been.

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With those, however, whom he loved, and with whom he was familiar, he was sometimes cheerful and sprightly, and sometimes indulged himself in sallies of wit and pleasantry. He spent much of his time, especially in his latter years, in conversation; and seems to have had such an aversion to being left without company, as was somewhat extraordinary in a man possessed of such intellectual powers, and whose understanding had been so highly cultivated.

"He sometimes discovered much impetuosity and irritability of temper, and was too ready to take offence at others; but when concessions were made, he was easily appeased. For those from whom he had received kindness in the earlier part of his life, he seemed ever to retain a particular regard, and manifested much gratitude towards those by whom he had at any time been benefited. He was soon offended with pertness, or ignorance: but he sometimes seemed to be conscious of having answered the questions of others with too much roughness; and was then desirous to discover more gentleness of temper, and to communicate information with more suavity of manners*. When not under the influence of personal pique, of pride, or of religious or political prejudices, he seems to have had great ardour of benevolence; and, on some occasions, he gave very signal proofs of generosity and humanity.

"He was naturally melancholy, and his views of human life appear to have been habitually gloomy. This appears in his *RASSELAS*, and in many passages of his writings. It was also a striking part of the character of Dr. Johnson, that with powers of mind that did honour to human nature, he had weaknesses and prejudices that seemed suited only to the lowest of the species. His piety was strongly tinged with superstition; and we are astonished to find the author of the *Rambler* expressing serious concern, because he had put milk into his tea on a Good Friday†. His custom of praying for the dead, though unsupported by reason or by scripture, was a less irrational superstition. Indeed, one of the great features of Johnson's character, was a degree of bigotry, both in politics and in religion, which is now seldom to be met

* Vid. Piozzi's Anecdotes, p. 96, 97.

† Meditations, p. 140.

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with in persons of a cultivated understanding. Few other men could have been found, in the present age, whose political bigotry would have led them to style the celebrated JOHN HAMPDEN "the zealot of rebellion*"; and the religious bigotry of the man, who, when at Edinburgh, would not go to hear Dr. Robertson preach, because he would not be present at a Presbyterian assembly, is not easily to be paralleled in this age, and in this country. His habitual incredulity with respect to facts, of which there was no reasonable ground for doubt, as stated by Mrs. Piozzi†, and which was remarked by Hogarth ‡, was also a singular trait in his character; and especially when contrasted with his superstitious credulity on other occasions. To the close of life, he was not only occupied in forming schemes of religious reformation, but even to a very late period of it, he seems to have been solicitous to apply himself to study with renewed diligence and vigour. It is remarkable, that, in his sixty-fourth year, he attempted to learn the Low Dutch language§; and, in his sixty-seventh year, he made a resolution to apply himself "vigorously to study, particularly of the Greek and Italian tongues||.

"The faults and the foibles of JOHNSON, whatever they were, are now descended with him to the grave; but his virtues should be the object of our imitation. His works, with all their defects, are a most valuable and important accession to the literature of England. His political writings will probably be little read, on any other account than for the dignity and energy of his style; but his Dictionary, his moral essays, and his productions in polite literature, will convey useful instruction, and elegant entertainment, as long as the language in which they are written shall be understood; and give him a just claim to a distinguished rank among the best and ablest writers that England has produced."

The *Review of the Genuine Doctrines of Christianity*, manifests a thinking mind and an excellent heart. The labyrinths of theological controversy he had explored

* Life of Waller, p. 1.

† Anecdotes, p. 137.

‡ Meditations, p. 145.

† Anecdotes, p. 140.

§ Meditations, p. 123.

with an industrious eye, and though educated a Calvinist, appears to have entertained, as the result of his speculations, just and honourable views of the Christian religion. Of its happy effects to individuals and to society, he was firmly persuaded, and, therefore, opposed with a becoming firmness the superficial scoffers of the day. The following remarks with which he closes his piece, are not inapplicable to the present times, and are well deserving attention from the professors of Christianity :

“ The absurd and inconsistent representations which have frequently been given of the Christian system, by its mistaken friends, appear to have done it more real disservice than all the writings of the deists. The opposition of the deists has in some respects been very serviceable to Christianity ; it has occasioned the evidences of its divine origin to be more diligently inquired into, and more clearly pointed out. And it has shewn, that the gospel is superior to all the attacks of its keenest adversaries. But the absurd notions which have been propagated of the Christian religion, by many of its professors, have prevented it from having its proper effect upon many of those who did profess a belief in it ; and have been a great means of adding strength to the attacks of its adversaries. For, indeed, many of the arguments of the deistical writers are levelled, not so much against Christianity itself, as against some mistaken representations of it ; but which they, as it best answered their purpose, thought proper to regard as the real doctrines of Christianity.

“ The religion of Jesus, when it is impartially examined, and distinguished from those absurd additions with which men have frequently obscured and disfigured it, must excite the approbation and the reverence of every man. Were it always represented in its genuine, in its native beauty, religion could never be made the subject of raillery and ridicule. The Christian revelation exhibits the deity in the most endearing and engaging characters ; as the God of love, and the Father and Friend of the whole human race. It teaches a piety and devotion, not confined either to time or place, nor composed of superstitious and external rites and ceremonies ; but pure, spiritual, and rational. It enforces the utmost purity of heart,
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and the greatest simplicity, integrity, and rectitude of manners. And it inculcates a benevolence not confined either to sects, or parties, or countries; but of the most diffusive and disinterested kind. In short, it is the design of Christianity to promote whatsoever is really noble, excellent, amiable, and praise-worthy; whatsoever can refine, perfect, ennoble, and dignify humanity.

“The professors of Christianity should be extremely careful not to corrupt the simplicity of the gospel by human additions. It should ever be remembered, that all those who contribute any thing towards rendering its excellency and its reasonableness less apparent, do, in fact, however different may be their intentions, strengthen the cause of deism, and sharpen the arrows of infidelity.”

After these extracts from the writings of DR. TOWERS, the reader will form for himself an accurate idea both of his style and sentiments. In the one there was a perspicuity, and in the other a manliness which stamp a considerable degree of value upon his respective productions. Upon the subject of politics he expressed himself, both in conversation and from the press, with a *warmth*, which, in *his* opinion, the importance of the subject justified. Certain it is, that he was a man of the utmost integrity—and abhorred dissimulation or indifference, in matters where he thought the great interests of mankind were concerned. He seems to have been uniformly ambitious of the character of a *patriot*, and the following paragraph, from his *Traacts*, shews the estimation in which he held that truly valuable character: “Whatever sentiments we may entertain of any individuals who have been applauded for their public spirit, whether in ancient or modern times, it is still our interest and our duty to maintain with firmness and with ardour, **THE RIGHTS OF OUR COUNTRY.** Civil liberty will ever be considered by generous and noble minds, as the greatest of all temporal blessings; our ancestors have acquired it for us at an immense expence of blood and treasure, and if we inherit any portion of their wisdom, or of their

virtue

virtue we shall never suffer it to be wrested from us, but to defend it against every attack, either of open violence or secret corruption, with a zeal proportioned to its value and importance."

The Monthly Reviewers, in their account of his *Thoughts on the Commencement of a New Parliament*, thus handsomely appreciate his writings. "The merits of DR. TOWERS, as a judicious and candid political writer, are already well known to the public. His present performance discovers the same ardent and enlightened zeal for liberty, undebaſed by any narrow party views or attachments; the same liberal deſire of extending to others of every deſcription, that freedom of thought, ſpeech and action, which he claims for himſelf; the ſame enlarged and truly patriotic love of his country, unaccompanied with any mean wiſh to depreſs or injure the country of his neighbours; the ſame manly openneſs of ſentiment, unmixed with any rude personalities or offensive cenſures; and the ſame perſpicuity of ſtyle which have diſtinguiſhed his former publications."

From this ſurvey of the Life and Writings of Dr. Joſeph Towers, one reflection forces itſelf upon the mind with irrefiſtible energy—how numerous are the advantages of induſtry! That nothing valuable can be acquired by MAN without exertion, is the wiſe appointment of nature. But that unceasing efforts in literary purſuits ſhall be crowned with ſucceſs, is very impreſſively exhibited in the ſubject of this memoir. From the obſcurity of a private ſtation he raiſed himſelf into conſiderable notice, and was eſteemed by ſome of the moſt reſpectable characters in the political world and in the republic of letters. The ſtores of knowledge which he had gathered together with unremitting aſſiduity, capacitated him for the inſtruction of others, and rendered him a valuable member of the community. Of political ſcience indeed he was deeply enamoured, believing it to be connected with the peace, happineſs, and proſperity of mankind.

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Nor must it be forgotten, that entertaining these elevated views of the subject, he uniformly devoted his speculations with a generous disinterestedness to the service of his fellow-creatures. Such characters are esteemed by their contemporaries, nor will they be contemplated with indifference by an enlightened posterity.

Haxton.

E.

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XXVIII.]

ODES OF HORACE.

Gods, heroes, conquerors, *Olympic* crowns,
Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine,
Are proper subjects for the lyric song.

HORACE'S ODES.

FROM the works of Virgil we pass on to the productions of Horace, who were contemporaries, and are both of them in high reputation with posterity. Horace flourished in the age of Augustus, was patronized by Mæcenas, nor did he long survive him. This incident is supposed to have touched him so sensibly, that he did not outlive him long enough to lament him in an elegy. His works consist of *Odes*, *Epistles*, *Satires*, and the *Art of Poetry*. Confident of his immortal fame, he thus, in his Odes, beautifully expresses his indifference to any magnificent funeral rites or fruitless sorrows for his death :

" Mourn not, no friendly drops must fall,
No sighs attend my funeral,
Those, common deaths may crave ;
Let no disgraceful grief appear,
Nor damp my glory with a tear,
And spare the useless honours of a grave.

CREECH.

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To the ODES this Reflector shall be confined ; and having explained the nature of this species of composition, we shall dwell on its engaging variety.

The Ode among the ancients signified no more than a song, but with the moderns the ode and song are considered as different compositions ; the ode being usually employed in grave and lofty subjects, and seldom sung but on solemn occasions. Horace, indeed, has enumerated the proper subjects for this kind of poetry, in the lines prefixed to this paper. " In the Ode," says Dr. Blair, " Poetry retains its first and most ancient form, that form under which the original bards poured forth their enthusiastic strains, praised their gods and their heroes, celebrated their victories, and lamented their misfortunes. It is from this circumstance of the ode's being supposed to retain its original union with music, that we are to deduce the proper idea and the peculiar qualities of this kind of poetry."

But the Ode also admits of almost an endless variety. It embraces topics of every complexion, though, in its strictest sense, it is allied to subjects of sublimity. Dr. Blair remarks, " that all odes may be comprized under four denominations—sacred odes—heroic odes—moral and philosophical odes—festive and amorous odes, calculated merely for pleasure and amusement." To the third class belong many of the odes of Horace, where the sentiments are chiefly inspired by virtue, friendship, and humanity.

We shall proceed to adduce specimens, though the best translations of such authors must, necessarily, fall far beneath their elegant originals.

In one of his Odes HORACE thus delineates *the Man of Integrity* :

The man resolv'd and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries ;

The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
 And the stern brow and the harsh voice defies,
 And with superior greatness smiles.
 Not the rough whirlwind that deforms
Adria's black gulf and vexes it with storms,
 The stubborn virtue of his soul can move ;
 Nor the red arm of angry Jove,
 That flings the thunder from the sky,
 And gives it rage to war and strength to fly.
 Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
 In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
 He, unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,
 And stand secure amidst a falling world !

The Ode addressed to the *Ship in which Virgil sailed to Athens*, whilst it expresses the most amiable affection for his brother poet, energetically describes the hardiness of the first person who ventured to navigate the ocean ! We shall transcribe the major part of it :

So may the Cyprian queen divine,
 And the twin stars, with saving lustre shine ;
 So may the father of the wind,
 All but the western gales propitious bind,
 As yon dear vessel safe restore
 Th' entrusted pledge to the Athenian shore,
 And of my soul the partner save,
 My much-lov'd VIRGIL from the raging wave.
 Or oak or brass with triple fold,
 That hardy mortal's daring breast enroll'd,
 Who first to the wild ocean's rage
 Launch'd the frail bark and heard the winds engage,
 Tempestuous when the south descends
 Precipitate, and with the north contends ;
 Nor fear'd the stars, portending rain,
 Nor the loud tyrant of the western main ;
 Of power supreme the storm to raise,
 Or calmer, smooth the surface of the seas.
 What various forms of death could fright
 The man who view'd, with fix'd unshaken sight,

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The floating monsters, waves inflam'd,
 And rocks for shipwreck'd fleets ill-fam'd?
 Jove has the realms of earth in vain,
 Divided by th' inhabitable main,
 If ships profane, with fearless pride,
 Bound o'er th' inviolable tide.
 No laws, or human or divine,
 Can the presumptuous race of man confine!

FRANCIS.

How delicate a compliment is here paid to the Mantuan Bard! how tender an anxiety is expressed for his safety and welfare! what an energy pervades the lines which describe the audacity of man, disdaining its prescribed boundaries!

From these specimens the reader may form some idea of the elegance and beauty of this exquisite writer. With every classic he is always a favourite author. Amongst his translators the chief were Creech and Francis, the latter of whom approaches the nearest to the spirit of his admirable original. Horace was fully sensible that he possessed this charming talent for writing, and avows his firm belief that his productions would reach posterity. His prophecy has been fully accomplished. Listen to his strains, but accuse him not of confidence and vanity—

“ More durable than brass the frame
 Which here I consecrate to fame;
 Higher than pyramids that rise
 With royal pride to brave the skies;
 Nor years, though numberless the train;
 Nor flight of seasons, wasting rain;
 Nor winds that loud in tempests break,
 Shall e'er its firm foundation shake!
 Nor shall the funeral pile consume
 My fame; that nobler part shall bloom,
 And with unfading youth improve,
 While to the immortal fane of Jove,
 The vestal maids, in silent state,
 Ascending, on the pontiff wait!”

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“ Horace,”

“Horace,” says Mr. Francis, “collected his lyric poetry by command of Augustus, into three volumes, when he probably placed this ode at the end of them. It is natural that every artist should applaud himself at the finishing any work in which he hath succeeded; yet it is more pardonable in works of genius, since they are, if such an expression may be allowed, an emanation of our souls, and as they are most intimate, so are they, consequently, most dear to us. But independently of right, the poets, whether good or bad, have ever maintained themselves in possession of this custom, and the judgment of posterity can alone determine between the merit of some and the presumption of others. The two last lines of the above quotation allude to this circumstance.” The pontiff or high priest alone pronounced any words concerning religion in public sacrifices, and the vestal virgins, who attended him to the capital, were obliged to preserve a solemn silence. The prediction of our poet is now accomplished far beyond the term he proposed. The capital is fallen—the religion of the Romans continues no longer, yet the poems of Horace preserve all their original strength and beauty. We may be bold to say that their destiny is blended with that of the world, and that they can only perish in one common ruin! We conclude with the opinion of Dr. Hugh Blair—“Of all the writers of Odes, antient or modern, there is none that in point of correctness, harmony, and happy expression, can vie with Horace. He has descended from the Pindaric rapture to a more moderate degree of elevation, and joins connected thought and good sense with the highest beauties of poetry. He does not often aspire beyond the middle region, which I mentioned as belonging to the ode; and those odes in which he attempts the sublime are, perhaps, not always the best. The peculiar character in which he excels is grace and elegance, and in this style of composition no poet, however, attained to greater perfection than Horace. No poet supports a moral sentiment with more dignity,

dignity, touches a gay one more happily, or possesses the art of trifling more agreeably when he chuses to trifle. His language is so fortunate, that with a single word or epithet he often conveys a whole description to the fancy. Hence he ever has been and ever will continue to be a favourite author with all persons of taste."

After these ample testimonies to the merit of the ODES, any additional encomiums cannot be necessary to extend *their* reputation.

GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XXX.]

ALFRED.

ALFRED was one of the most remarkable men recorded in the history of the world. Learned in an unlettered age, humane and compassionate amidst the din of arms; a hero of matchless courage, yet willing rather to narrow than ambitious to extend his power; temperate, mild, and just when these virtues had scarcely a name amongst his contemporaries—Alfred stands recorded as the instructor of his age and country, and the friend of the human race.

When all men were ready from the history of early times, to conclude that the virtues dwelled not with princes, the commanded the existence of an Alfred, and a pleasing astonishment seized every mind.

The formation of such a character as Alfred, in such times, and under such circumstances as those were in which he lived, is a singular and striking phenomenon, which we recommend to the study of those who maintain that man is composed of passive atoms, which simply receive the impression, and obey the impulse of the matter which surrounds them.

HARDENED

HARDENED VILLAINY.

A YOUNG man of nineteen at Bourdeaux, was lately convicted and executed for having murdered his aunt. Those who saw him between the time of his sentence and execution, give the following particulars respecting him :—Having some knowledge of drawing, this young man amused himself with tracing on some pieces of paper the circumstances of the assassination ; on one was delineated the posture in which he stood when he first struck his aunt ; on another he drew himself knocking her brains out ; in a third he represented himself on a sledge going to the scaffold.

ROUGH MODE OF COURTING.

WHEN Henry the Eighth was dying he had recommended it to his executors, to attempt by every means in their power, to bring about a marriage with his son Edward, and Mary the young queen of Scots, and thus to unite the two kingdoms. In order to accomplish this purpose the protector *made war* on Scotland, and published a long manifesto, stating the advantages that this *match* would be to both kingdoms. Lord Huntley, however, a Scotch nobleman, smartly observed, that—" He disliked not the match—but hated *the manner of wooing !*"

OLIVER CROMWELL AND ADMIRAL BLAKE.

IT is remarkable that Cromwell and Blake, the most distinguished commanders of their time, were both advanced in life before they were acquainted with arms. Cromwell was more than forty, Blake more than fifty years of age. Admiral Blake was an exalted character, of generous disinterestedness, and principled courage. A republican, rational and firm, he disapproved of the usurpation of the tyrant, and only served against the enemies of his country because he thought it right *whoever reigned*, to serve his country.

RICHARD

RICHARD CROMWELL.

THE elevation of Richard Cromwell served to illustrate his character, and to shew him to be one of the best of mankind. He was advised to take off one of the leaders amongst the seditious. "No," replied this wonderful man, "I will not purchase authority at the price of one man's blood."

EDWARD VI.

THE bigotted council of Edward VI. had long and vainly endeavoured to persuade him to sign the warrant for burning Joan Butcher, for heresy. Archbishop Cranmer was desired to persuade him. "What," said the feeling and humane youth, "would you have me send her quick to the devil in her error?" But the archbishop insisting on the necessity of it; he took the warrant, on which he shed tears, and signed it, saying, "Well, my lord, I will lay all the blame on *you* at the day of judgment."

CURIOUS ANGLING.

AN Irishman fishing close to Putney Bridge in a shower of rain, and being seen to throw his line constantly beneath one of the arches, was asked his reason for so doing.—He replied, "By Jesus the fish are all running there to be *out of the wet*."

JOHN HORN TOOKE.

THE following letters have passed between the Commissioners and Horne Tooke.

To John Horne Tooke, Esq.

Office of the Commissioners for carrying into execution the act for taxing income.

Sir,

Wandsworth, May 3, 1799.

The Commissioners having under their consideration your declaration of income, dated the 26th of February last, have directed me to acquaint you that they have reason to apprehend your income exceeds sixty pounds a year. They therefore desire that you will reconsider
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the said declaration, and favour me with your answer, on or before Wednesday the 8th instant.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
W. B. Lutty, Clerk.

To Mr. W. B. Lutty.

Sir,

I have much more reason than the Commissioners can have to be dissatisfied with the smallness of my income. I have never yet in my life disavowed, or had occasion to reconsider any declaration which I have signed with my name. But the act of parliament has removed all the decencies which used to prevail between gentlemen, and has given the Commissioners (shrouded under the signature of their clerk) a right by law to tell me that they have reason to believe that I am a liar. They have also a right to demand from me, upon oath, the particular circumstances of my private situation. In obedience to the law, I am ready to attend them upon this degrading occasion, so novel to Englishmen, and to give them every explanation and satisfaction which they may be pleased to require.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
John Horne Tooke.

NECESSITY.

A THEOLOGIAN of Halle, named Lange, being desirous to injure his associate WOLFIUS, represented to Frederic, the famous king of Prussia, that by the system of pre-established harmony, advanced by that philosopher, he maintained that the body and soul of man resembled a clock, which could only act conformably to the *first impulse it had received*. Hence it follows, added the theologian, that your majesty's tall grenadiers are not culpable when they desert, since it is only a *necessary* consequence of the impulse which their machine has received from the Creator. At these words the king flew into a violent rage against the philosopher, and Wolfius, the *neccessarian*, had the alterna-

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tive of quitting the states of his majesty, or of being hanged. He preferred the former.

FREDERIC, KING OF PRUSSIA.

VOLTAIRE tells us in his age of Lewis the XV. that Frederic in 1740, set out for Silesia at the head of 30,000 men. It was proposed to adorn his standard with the motto PRO DEO ET PATRIA—*For God and my Country*; but he erased the name of GOD, saying, "That it was improper to introduce the name of the Deity in the quarrels of men, and that he was going to war for a *province* and *not* for RELIGION!"

TALL REGIMENT.

IN his reviews of this tall regiment, Frederic was frequently attended by foreign ministers. When the ambassadors from France, Spain, and England were present, he asked them whether an equal number of his countrymen would engage with these *gigantic soldiers*! The ambassadors of France and Spain answered the question in the *negative*, whilst the English ambassador, with a spirit characteristic of his nation, replied, "I cannot, Sir," said he, "take upon me to assert that an equal number of my countrymen would beat them, but this I think I may venture to affirm, that—*HALF the number would try!!*"

THE SAILOR'S PETITION.

The Captain of one of the British frigates, a man of undaunted bravery, had a natural antipathy to a cat. A Sailor, who for some misconduct had been ordered a flogging, saved his hide by presenting to his Captain the following petition:

By your honour's command,
A culprit I stand,
An example to all the ship's crew.
I am pinion'd, and stript,
And condemn'd to be whipt,
And if I am flogg'd—'tis my due.

A Cat

A Cat, I am told,
 In abhorrence you hold—
 Your honour's aversion is mine :
 If a Cat with *one* tail
 Makes your stout heart to fail,
 O ! save me from one that has *nine* !

CROMWELL AND THE DEVIL.

DR. THOMAS NETTLETON, of *Halifax*, one of the instructors of professor *Sanderfon* in the *mathematics*, being one day in company with several gentlemen, one of them was laying great stress upon Dean *Echard's* account of *Cromwell's* selling himself to the *Devil* before the battle of Worcester, affirming that the bargain was intended for 21 years, but that the *Devil* had put a trick upon *Oliver*, by transposing the figures, and so lessening the term nine years ; and then turning hastily to the doctor, asked him what could be the *Devil's* motive for so doing ? The doctor, without hesitation replied, “ He supposed he was in a hurry for the *restoration*.”

IGNORANCE OF THE COMMON PEOPLE BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

DR. JOHN FAVOUR, Vicar of *Halifax*, tells a story (as an instance of the ignorance which prevailed amongst the people at large, when the Scriptures were kept from them) of a woman who, when she heard the account of the sufferings and death of Christ read in English, wept bitterly, and tenderly compassionated so great an outrage done to the Son of God ; but after some pause, and recollection of her spirits, she asked, where this was done ? and when it was answered, many thousand miles off, at Jerusalem, and about 1500 years ago. “ Then,” says she, “ if it was so far off, and so long ago, by the grace of God it may prove a lie.” And with this thought she comforted herself.

WAEKING.

WALKING.

I CAN conceive, says Rousseau, of but one way of travelling pleasanter than on horseback ; and that is going on foot. You set out at your own time ; you stop when you please ; you take as much or as little exercise as you choose ; you view all the country ; you turn to the right or to the left ; you examine every thing which strikes you ; you stop at every point of view. Do I see a river ; I coast along it. Do I approach a hanging wood ; I walk under its shade. A grotto ; I enter it. A quarry ; I examine its strata. Wherever I perceive any thing which invites me I stop. The moment my curiosity is satisfied I depart, without waiting for horses or postillions. I am not curious about picking out beaten paths, or convenient ways, but I tread wherever a man may pass ; I see whatever man can see ; and being dependent on no one but myself, I enjoy the most perfect liberty which man can possess.

What I most regret, respecting those particulars of my life which I do not remember, is, my not having kept a journal of my travels. Never did I think, exist, live, or was myself, if I may so express it, so much as in those journies I have made alone, and on foot. Walking has something in it which animates and enlivens my ideas. I can scarcely think when I stand still. My body must stir in order to stir my mind. The view of the country, the succession of agreeable sights, a good air, a good appetite, and good health, I get by walking. The freedom of inns, the distance of those objects which force me to see subjection, of every thing which reminds me of my condition ; the whole gives a loose to my soul, gives me more boldness of thought, and seems to carry me into the immensity of beings : so that I combine them, choose them, and appropriate them to my will, without fear or restraint. I imperiously dispose of all nature. My heart, wan-

dering from object to object, unites, and becomes the same with those which engage it. It is compassed about by delightful images, and grows intoxicated with delicious sensations. If to determine them, I divert myself by painting them in my mind, what vigorous touches, what resplendent colouring, what energy of expression do I not give them !

In another place he says, " I made a dinner, such as those only who travel on foot were ever acquainted with. I travelled on foot in my best days only, and always with delight." He also informs us that he was so fond of walking, that he was extremely desirous of making the tour of Europe on foot, in company with Diderot, and another literary friend. They agreed to undertake such a journey ; but the project never took effect.

An English clergyman thus expresses himself upon this subject. " He who travels on foot has an opportunity of wandering from hill to hill, from stream to stream, and from one rich valley to another ; of dwelling on lovely landscapes and delicious scenes ; and of seeing numberless objects and numberless places, which are inaccessible to the horseman, and never were seen by any one whirled through the country in the state prison of a coach. For these, and many other reasons, I choose to make use of my own legs, and prefer the wholesome exercise of walking to all the modes of conveyance which effeminacy and luxury can invent."

FRIENDSHIP.

WE are often led to the choice of friends, by a similarity of taste or of manners ; and such friendship is increased by mutual services, or by the pleasure reciprocally taken in each other's conversation. But there can be no solid friendship of which virtue is not the basis. There may be occasional confederacies and associations of the wicked and the profligate ; but goodness of heart is an indispensable requisite in the formation of a sincere and genuine friendship.

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In forming friendships we should remember, that in all human beings there is imperfection. If our friends, therefore, do upon the whole possess amiable qualities, and have a real attachment to us, it is not wise, or reasonable to break with them for small causes. "He," says bishop Taylor, "that is angry with every little fault, breaks the bones of friendship." If we mean that friendship should be lasting, there must be some degree of mutual candour and indulgence. He who expects that his friend, though wise and virtuous, should never be in the wrong, must be disappointed, and he who has the vanity to suppose that himself is always right, has that in him which is inconsistent with a durable, virtuous friendship.

SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY, IN IRELAND,

JULY 1689.

[From Leland's *History of Ireland*.]

AMONG the resolute and active northerns who took arms against Tyrconnel, and his master James the Second, was GEORGE WALKER, a clergyman of a Yorkshire family, and rector of a parish in the county of Tyrone. The danger and turbulence of the time, when the assistance of every man became necessary, called him forth in the defence of law, liberty, and religion; and in a cause the most glorious that a citizen can espouse, he was zealous and indefatigable. He raised a regiment, and commanded it. He flew from post to post, conferred with the leaders, and animated the people, who were the more convinced of their danger when a man of his peaceable profession appeared in arms. As the enemy grew more formidable by the arrival of James, he felt an increasing ardour. He hastened to Derry; he informed Lundy of the approach of this king, reminded him of his former declarations,

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entreated him to give the enemy battle before their whole strength was collected, and his garrison diminished. Lundy still affected vigour; as the Irish had passed the Bann, he was now to prevent them from crossing the Finn Water: he stationed his forces for this purpose; but, in the hour of danger, he refused to support them, shamefully abandoned his own post, and hid himself within the walls of Derry, shutting the gates against many of those who fought the same refuge.

"In the meantime, two English colonels, Cunningham and Richards, arrived in Lake Foyle with two English regiments. They notified their arrival to Lundy, whose orders they were to obey, advising him to secure the passes he had already abandoned, that if a battle should be necessary, he might engage to more advantage with their reinforcement to support him. On his return to Derry he received their letter; his written answer directed them to land; his messenger delivered his orders, that they should leave their men on board, and come to the city with some of their officers to consult on the measures necessary in the present juncture, when there were not provisions for ten days, though all unnecessary persons should be removed. Eleven officers from the ships and five of the town formed a council of war, in which it was readily agreed, in consequence of Lundy's representations, that the place was by no means tenable; that the English regiments should not land; that the principal officers should privately withdraw from the town, and leave the inhabitants to make the best conditions in their power with the enemy. These resolutions were communicated to the town-council, where it was resolved to offer terms of capitulation to James, who now advanced slowly towards the city.

These proceedings were not long a secret to the people; they saw their leaders flying, the English regiments preparing to return to England with all the provisions

visions intended for their relief, although Lundy assured them they should land. They exclaimed against the governor, the council, and every suspected officer; they roared out for vengeance against their betrayers. In the phrensy of rage and terror, they flew one officer as he was hastening to escape from the city; another they wounded. In this moment of distraction, Murray, a brave and popular captain, arrived at the head of a reinforcement, and, although Lundy commanded him to retire, insisted on entering the town, and was received with acclamations. To the soldiers who eagerly crowded round him, he inveighed against the base purpose of surrendering to a cruel and perfidious enemy, and was heard with rapture. While he expostulated with Lundy, they rushed to the walls, pointed their cannon, and fired on James and his advanced party, who approached to take possession of the city. While the more cautious and timid sent a deputation to apologize for this violence of an head-strong populace, they with one voice declared for defence. Governor, councils, magistrates, at once lost all authority. Lundy resigned all care of the city and concealed himself in his own house. The garrison chose for themselves two new governors, Walker, the gallant ecclesiastic, and one major Baker, that if either should fall they might not be left without command. By direction of these men they were formed into eight regiments, amounting to seven thousand and twenty men, three hundred and forty-one officers.

When the first sudden agitation had subsided, their resolution grew composed and deliberate. They suffered the timid to depart unmolested. Lundy, by connivance of the new governors, escaped to the ships in a disguise suited to his meanness, bending under a load of match. The stores were viewed, orders issued, and obeyed with regularity; each regiment had its own ground, each company knew its own bastion; they repaired each to their post without any military parade, but without confusion or disorder. Eighteen clergymen of the esta-

blished church, and seven non-conformist teachers, cheerfully shared the labours and dangers of the siege; and, in their turns, every day collected the people in the cathedral church, and by the fervour of their devotions, and those strains of eloquence which their circumstances inspired, animated and enflamed their hearers. Some jealousies, however, broke out from these different religious parties, even in the hour of their common danger; and one dissenting teacher pronounced those unworthy to fight for the protestant cause who should refuse to take the covenant. But the discreet and pious of both parties prevailed, preached obedience and mutual union, and laboured to elevate the people to the utmost pitch of that devotional spirit which renders courage irresistible.

And here one might dwell with astonishment on this desperate attempt of a garrison, in a town meanly fortified and miserably supplied; as yet encumbered with thirty thousand fugitives who could give them no assistance, and assailed by twenty thousand besiegers. But the plain, unstudied, unadorned effusions of their brave governor, Walker, rise above all elaborate description. "It did beget," saith he, "some disorder among us and confusion, when we looked about us and saw what we were doing, our enemies all about us, and our friends running away from us. A garrison we had, composed of a number of poor people frightened from their own homes, and seemed more fit to hide themselves than to face an enemy. When we considered, that we had no persons of any experience in war among us, and those very persons that were sent to assist us, had so little confidence in the place, that they no sooner saw it but they thought fit to leave it; that we had but few horse to fall out with, and no forage; no engineers to instruct us in our works; no fire-works, not so much as a hand-grenado to annoy the enemy; not a gun well mounted in the whole town; that we had so many mouths to feed, and not above ten days provision for them in the opinion
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of our former governors ; that every day several left us, and gave constant intelligence to the enemy ; that they had so many opportunities to divide us, and so often endeavoured to betray the governors ; that they were so numerous, so powerful, and well-appointed an army, that in all human probability we could not think ourselves in less danger than the Israelites at the Red Sea ; when we considered all this, it was obvious enough what a dangerous undertaking we had ventured upon. But the resolution and courage of our people, and the necessity we were under, and the great confidence and dependence among us on God Almighty, that he would take care of us and preserve us, made us overlook all those difficulties."

With minds thus possessed, they resisted both the persuasions and assaults of their besiegers. They made their sallies in a manner unauthorized by military rules. Any officer that could be spared engaged in the adventure, and any soldiers who pleased followed his standard. Such were the repeated successes of this irregular war, that when the besiegers battered the walls, the garrison had the hardiness to advise them to spare their labour and expence, as their gates were ever open, and wider than any breach they could make. Eleven days James continued his assaults with repeated mortifications, and without any prospect of success. Impatient of his disappointments, he left the camp and returned to Dublin, peevishly exclaiming, that if his army had been English they would have brought him the town piece-meal. The only exploit performed in his northern expedition was that of reducing the fort of Culmore, and this he was suspected to have achieved by the help of money.

The garrison of Derry still continued to defeat all the attempts of their besiegers, and to harass them by successful sallies. But they were soon threatened with more terrible enemies, disease and famine. The heats of summer proved even pestilential to men fatigued and confined, and their scanty and unwholesome diet enflamed

flamed their disorders. In the heaviness of their affliction, and their melancholy forebodings, they discovered in Lake Foyle thirty ships, which they doubted not had been sent to their relief from England. These indeed contained troops, arms, ammunition, and provisions, under the command of Kirk; but Kirk was too much hardened against the distresses of his fellow-creatures to make any hazardous attempt in favour of the garrison. He was alarmed at the magnificent accounts of the force and dispositions of an enemy who were cast into consternation at his appearance. He hesitated, and returned no cheerful answer to the signals of the besieged. The enemy, encouraged by this irresolution, prepared to oppose his passage. Their batteries were planted, and their forces ranged on each side the lake where it grew narrow towards the city, and from two opposite forts they stretched a boom across the water, formed of strong timber joined by iron chains and strengthened by thick cables*. The fleet, to which the garrison looked for relief, set sail and disappeared.

With great difficulty, and after repeated disappointments, they at length received the afflicting intelligence from Kirk, that as he found it impossible to force a passage by the river for his stores and victuals, he had sailed round to Lake Swilly, if by any means he might give some diversion to the enemy, and send supplies to the protestant forces collected at Enniskillen. He comforted them, at the same time, with an assurance that he would still relieve them; that more forces were hourly expected from England; that both there and in Scotland affairs were entirely favourable to the new government; that by the intelligence he had gained, the

* It is remarkable that the person who constructed this BOOM, by which the siege was protracted, was the grandfather of the late unfortunate *Coigley*, who was executed at *Maidstone*, June 1798, for high treason. Ed.

besiegers could not long continue to invest them; advising them, at the same time, "to be good husbands of their provisions." From this advice they drew a melancholy preface of all their future sufferings.

Every day the garrison was lessened by disease, and the wretched survivors more and more enfeebled by fatigue and hunger. Baker, one of their governors, died; they chose an officer of the name of Mitchburne to succeed him. When numbers of them were scarcely able to support their arms, they threatened death to any who should mention a surrender. General Hamilton endeavoured to move them by persuasion; they reproached him with his own treachery. Rosen, who was sent to command the siege and conducted it with vigour and address, thundered out dreadful menaces against them; and thus by convincing them that no mercy was to be expected, confirmed their resolution. Outrageous at this obstinacy, he declared, that if the town were not surrendered by the first day of July, all of their faction through the whole country to Ballyshannon, Charlemont, Belfast, Innisowen, protected and unprotected alike, should be given up to plunder, and driven under their walls, there to perish, unless relieved by a surrender of the town. The appointed day arrived, but the garrison continued their defence. On the next morning a confused multitude was seen hurrying towards the walls. At a distance they were mistaken for enemies; the garrison fired on them, but happily without any damage to the thousands of miserable protestants, of all ages and conditions, infirm, old, young, women, infants, and goaded on by soldiers whose ears were tortured with their shrieks, and who executed their hideous orders with tears. The afflicted spectacle transported the garrison to fury. Numbers of the wretched sufferers thus driven to perish beneath their walls, conjured them with bended knees and lifted hands, by no means to consider their distress, but to defend their lives bravely against an enemy who sought to involve them

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all in one common slaughter! A gallows was now erected in view of the besiegers; they were assured, that all the prisoners taken by the garrison should be instantly executed, unless their friends were allowed to depart. Confessors were even admitted to prepare them for death; but Rosen was still unmoved. Happily the intelligence of his barbarous intentions flew to Dublin. The protestant bishop of Meath remonstrated to James; he answered, that he had already ordered these captives to be released, observing, that such severities were usual in foreign service, however shocking to his subjects. Those who survived a confinement of almost three days without sustenance or shelter, were thus permitted to return to their habitations, where the ravages of the soldiery had left them no means of comfort. Some of their ablest men were stolen into the town, and five hundred useless people crowded among them, and passed undiscovered, notwithstanding the vigilance of the enemy.

The garrison, with a confirmed horror of the besiegers, continued their obstinate defence, and even made desperate and successful sallies when they were too much weakened by hunger to pursue their advantage. The flesh of horses, dogs, and vermin, hides, tallow, and other nauseous substances, were purchased at extravagant prices, and eagerly devoured. Even such miserable resources began to fail, and no means of sustenance could be found for more than two days. Still the languid and ghastly crowds listened to the exhortations of Walker; still he assured them from the pulpit that the Almighty would grant them a deliverance. While their minds were yet warm with his harangue, delivered with all the eagerness of a man inspired, they discovered three ships in the lake making way to the town. Kirk, who had abandoned them from the thirteenth day of June to the thirtieth of July, at length thought fit, in their extreme distress, to make an hazardous attempt to relieve them; an attempt which he might have made
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with less danger at the moment of his arrival, and which possibly might still have been deferred, had he not received some intimations of a treaty for surrendering. Two ships laden with provisions, and conveyed by the Dartmouth frigate, advanced in view both of the garrison and the besiegers. On this interesting object they fixed their eyes in all the earnestness of suspense and expectation. The enemy, from their batteries, from their musketry, thundered furiously on the ships, which returned their fire with spirit. The foremost of the victuallers struck rapidly against the boom, and broke it, but rebounding with violence, ran a-ground. The enemy burst instantly into shouts of joy, and prepared to board her; on the crowded walls the garrison stood stupified by despair. The vessel fired her guns, was extricated by the shock, and floated. She passed the boom, and was followed by her companions. The town was relieved, and the enemy retired.

Of seven thousand five hundred men regimented in Derry, four thousand three hundred only remained to be witnesses of their deliverance; and of these more than one thousand were incapable of service. The wretched spectres had scarcely tasted food, when they had the hardiness to march in quest of the enemy; and some few men were lost by adventuring too boldly on their rear-guard. The enemy retired in vexation to Strabane, having lost eight thousand men by the sword and by various disorders, in a siege of one hundred and five days.

The gallant WALKER was, unfortunately, killed the next year at the *Battle of the Boyne*, fighting for WILLIAM, who came to preserve the religion and liberties of his country.

FRACTURES OF THE LIMBS,
AND
INJURIES OF THE HEAD,
FROM EXTERNAL VIOLENCE.

[From Medical Admonitions, addressed to Families.]

BY JAMES PARKINSON.

PRESUMING that the injurious interference of domestic practitioners in those cases which belong to this section, is not to be expected, I shall here confine my admonitions to those points which are necessary to be attended to by the patient and his friends, during the first moments of the accident.

If, in consequence of a fall from some high place, or by any other accident, a considerable degree of injury appears to have been received; the sufferer being unable, in consequence of the deprivation of his senses, to point out the injured part; some consideration and attention is necessary, before any attempts are made, even to raise him from the ground. Should a fracture of one of the bones, either of the upper or lower extremity, have happened, and not be suspected by his assistants, the exertions to raise him, and to place him on his feet, might force the fractured ends of the bone through the soft parts, and convert a mere simple fracture into a very dangerous compound one. The limbs, therefore, with a view to this circumstance, should be carefully examined; but even if they seem to have sustained no material injury, yet should the patient not be precipitately raised, until something be provided, on which he may be placed: as thereby unnecessary, and perhaps injurious exertions are avoided. As it will be fair to conclude, from the deprivation of the senses, that the brain may have sustained some injury, great care should be taken, that whilst he is conveying to his apartment, and

and whilst laying in the bed the head be kept moderately raised, and that on no suggestion whatever, any spirituous drinks be given to him.

The necessity of the latter caution, from the difficulty it may occasion in forming an opinion of the nature of the injury, will be made evident by the following case. A lad of twelve years of age fell from a hay-loft about twelve feet from the ground, and was brought to his parents about an hour after the accident, almost insensible: it was with difficulty he was roused to answer a question, and then immediately relapsed into a senseless state; after having laid in this state about ten or twelve hours, the surgeon first saw him: he then complained of extreme pain in his head, and sickness at his stomach, relapsing between whiles into a state approaching to insensibility.

Here appeared to be present several of the most characteristic symptoms of serious injury to the head; the surgeon, therefore, had begun to apprise his parents of his apparent danger, when the boy threw a little matter off his stomach, which smelt strongly of spirits. He was immediately well drenched with warm water, until what he rejected no longer smelt of spirits. He then fell asleep, and awoke perfectly well in a few hours, the brain having sustained an injury, not from the fall, but from a bumper of brandy, which had been given to him by one of the by-standers, as a cordial, when he was first taken up.

But should it be discovered that a leg or thigh is broken, the aid and directions of a surgeon should, if possible, be obtained, for his removal; but if this cannot be the case, the following rules should be observed:

1. That he be not stirred until a proper vehicle is procured, on which he can be placed.

2. This, if nothing more proper can be had, may be a door, a shutter, or two or three planks, well secured together.

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3. To place him on this, two persons may raise him, by means of a sheet slid under his hips, whilst one or two raise him by the shoulders; one person raising the sound leg, and one, the most intelligent of his friends, conducting the fractured limb.

4. In moving the fractured limb, the object which should possess the mind, should be, that the divided pieces of the bone be kept as much as possible in the same line, lest the fractured ends pierce through the soft parts.

5. If a pillow can be obtained, the broken limb should be placed on it; and, if it appear to be preferable, previous to its being raised.

6. When placed on the litter, he should be a little inclined to the same side of the injured limb, which, if circumstances will admit, should also be laid on the side, and with the knee a little bent.

7. The best mode of conveyance is undoubtedly by two or four men, in the manner in which a sedan chair is carried. A cart, or even a coach, should never be employed, where the mode just recommended can be adopted.

8. As the patient will be under the necessity of laying some time without getting up, a mattress should be laid on his feather-bed, or, if that cannot be had, two or three long and wide boards, joined together, may be placed under the feather-bed. If this can be done before he is first laid down, much subsequent pain and exertion will be prevented.

If the arm be broken between the elbow and the wrist, the arm should be bent at the elbow, raising the palm of the hand to the breast, with the fingers moderately bent; the thumb being superior, and the little finger inferior. In this state it may be retained by a sling or handkerchief, supporting it from the elbow to the fingers ends.

When the arm is fractured between the wrist and shoulder, the fore arm may be placed in the same position

tion as already described ; but the sling, instead of supporting the whole length of the arm, should only support the hand, which should be raised higher than in the former case, the elbow being allowed to sink ; its motion, however, being prevented, by a handkerchief passed moderately tight round the trunk, including the fractured arm.

CURIOUS PARTICULARS

CHARACTERISTIC OF EACH MONTH IN THE YEAR.

*Chiefly extracted from the New Edition of Dr. Aikin's
Calendar of Nature.*

CALENDAR OF NATURE.

JUNE.

Now genial suns and gentle breezes reign,
And summer's fairest splendours deck the plain,
Exulting *Flora* views her new-born rose,
And all the ground with short-lived beauty glows !

1. **JUNE** is in this climate what poets represent *May* to be, a most lovely month. Trees and flowers in all their beauty. 2. Copious showers extremely welcome. 3. Shearing of sheep very important, for wool is the *basis* of manufacture. 4. Wool of Dorsetshire makes best broad cloths, of Yorkshire narrow cloths, of Leicestershire and Lincolnshire for hosiery. 5. Shearing always done in warm weather, often with dignity, as a festival. 6. Great fragrance from clover, white and purple, also from beans in blossom. 7. Beans and peas butterfly-shaped blossoms, and *leguminous* from the pods. Of pea and bean the seed is used, of kidney-bean the *entire pod*, of clover, lucerne, and vetch, the

whole plant. 8. Hedges in high beauty and fragrance. Instead of hawthorn the *dog-rose* of an elegant variety of colour, next in beauty *bitter sweet night-shade*, *honey-suckle* next, last *white bryony*. All most beautiful in succession. 9. Several kinds of corn come into ear and flower, also numerous species of grass, also many kinds, the lesser of corn, or corn is a large sort of grass. Bamboo, sugar-cane, and reed, largest of this natural family. 10. Seeds worth the labour of separating, called *corn*, article of food to all nations. In Europe wheat, rye, barley, and oats; in Asia rice; in Africa and America maize or Indian corn. 11. Smaller kind, called *grasses*, with their leaves and stalks make *hay*, most fit to be cut after it is in ear, before its seeds are ripened. 12. Hay harvest latter part of June—very pleasant. 13. Fresh insects, grasshopper, green-beetle, angler's May fly, frog-hopper, stag-horn beetle, and the formidable gad-fly. 14. Season for the delicate mackarel. 15. Birds cease their notes, except the stone-curlew, late at night; yellow-hammer, goldfinch, and golden-crested wren, now and then chirping. Cuckoo ceases. 16. Plants in flower. Vine, wood-spunge, and wood-pimpernel, buck-bean, water-iris, and willow herbs in marshes, meadow cranes-bill, viper, buglafs, and corn poppy, in fields; mullein, fox-glove, thistles, and mallow, by road sides, and the singular bee-orchis, in chalk or limestone soils. 17. Gooseberries, currants, and strawberries ripen, and are refreshing. 18. An hour before sun-set amusing to see the *barn owl* in search of field mice, a mouse is brought to the nest once in every five minutes. *Fern owl* feeding on the fern chaffer, another interesting nocturnal bird, uncommon. 19. Angler's May-fly molt short lived, emerges from the water in its *aurelia* state at six in the evening, dies at eleven; they appear about 4th of June, and continue a fortnight. 20. Summer solstice, or longest day, the twenty-first day of *this month*.

THE
WITCH OF THE WOLD.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

[From *Minor Morals*.]

ON a wild and dreary tract of country on the borders of Westmorland, called a wold, which is in some places a sort of hilly heath, in others a black and marshy moor, there was a solitary cottage built by a man who passed for a very odd person: some said he was a madman, others that he had committed a murder, and others supposed him to be a spy—though no place could be so ill calculated as that he had chosen for the exercise of such a profession.

The peasantry of the neighbouring country had an extreme dread of him; for none knew how he lived, and none had ever been admitted to his cottage, where it was supposed he resided by himself. There was a wood adjoining to the wold on the side next his abode, and through part of it lay the road to a market, at eight miles distance: this wood, which had formerly belonged to the large domain of an ancient family now gone to decay, had a very ill name.—An human skeleton had been found in it, and some of the most sagacious of the neighbouring countrymen had hinted, that these remains were those of the person whom the Strange Man had killed; yet, in the paths of this gloomy wood, and crossing the wold towards it, late of a night as they returned from market, this mysterious being was often met by the terrified rustics. He passed them sometimes in silence, at other times bade them good night in an hollow voice, which they declared was not human. The dread he inspired was at length such, that many of the people whose business led them that way, were used to cross a dangerous ford rather than go through this wood, or venture an evening meeting with “the Strange Man.”

This continued for some years: attempts were made by

some of the farmers to get warrants against him to take him up; but as he was perfectly inoffensive, never troubled himself with them, and never solicited parish assistance, there was no justice who would grant it—till at length a weak and arrogant man, who loved to shew his power, issued one: but just as the people who were to serve it reached the wold, a storm arose so violent and unusual in its effects, that the constable and his followers, convinced of the supernatural power of “the Strange Man,” fled in dismay, and thought themselves fortunate that they were not carried quite away in a whirlwind, which they doubted not he had raised by magic, to defeat their purpose.

The empty and half-ruined manor house, to which the wood had formerly belonged, was also an object of terror to those superstitious and ignorant people. It had not been inhabited for many years; but a grange or farm-yard adjoining to it was rented by a farmer, whose men declared that in those nights of winter, when they had occasion to stay late in these buildings about the farm-yard, they saw lights gliding about the old house, heard unaccountable noises—and one even went so far as to relate that he saw by moon-light a pale and ghastly face at one of the windows. The man was frequently seen stealing about among the ruins of the old buildings, and those who had courage enough to gaze at him, even at a distance, observed that he became more and more emaciated in his appearance: sometimes he suddenly rushed out of the wood, and passed across the path before some affrighted peasant. At length that part of the country was almost entirely deserted; the market-people made another way, to avoid the wold and the wood: but such as had, after a time, courage to pass, declared that the strange man was gone.—None now saw him, and yet a little smoke sometimes ascended from the chimney of his cottage.—Some persons, whose curiosity got the better of their fears, took occasion to peep in at the window, and said they plainly

plainly distinguished an old woman of very frightful appearance. An itinerant dealer in fish, who travelled that country, was the only person that knew who now resided in the cottage: he carried some provisions thither once a week; but the mystery he observed, and the strange stories he invented, as if with a purpose to mislead curiosity, served only to irritate the violent desire which some of the farmer's wives and other gossips had to find out who the person was whom they now chose to call "the Witch of the Wold."

It happened about this time that an infectious distemper broke out in that country among the cattle, and several of the farmers were entirely ruined.—Instead of rationally considering the cause of this, and of endeavouring to cure it by such remedies as common sense pointed out, they took it into their heads that the poor solitary being whom they called "the Witch of the Wold," had brought this calamity upon them; and without waiting for the interposition of justice, they assembled in a body with pitchforks and staves, and surrounded her house: she opened the door to them, and they rushed in.

They found in this hut, which merely consisted of two ground rooms, several things that confirmed their opinion: there was a mariner's compass, a quadrant, and some other mathematical instruments;—several books, in languages they could make nothing of, and which they therefore concluded treated of the black art.—There were some shells and dried plants and insects, which they were sure were collected as materials for the forcerefs, and the only living animals were two cats; but every thing else was mere necessary furniture, and not better than that which they themselves possessed. The appearance of the old woman, however, would have been enough to have convicted her: she was thin and pale, bent almost double, and her countenance, furrowed with wrinkles, expressed a sort of wild melancholy, which her persecutors believed an evidence
of

of guilt.—The poor creature submitted almost without a remonstrance to their cruel usage; and to their fierce interrogatories as to what was become of the man who once lived in the cottage? she answered, that after having kept his bed many months, he died; and she had, according to his own desire, buried him on the wold, near their hut.

She was then extremely ill-treated, and almost tortured, because she refused to tell who he was. She said that she had solemnly sworn never to reveal it; that they might kill her if they would, but that nothing she could suffer should induce her to disclose a secret, which to know would be of no use to them, while it would be breaking a promise she held sacred.

They accused her of having occasioned all the misfortunes that had lately happened in their neighbourhood. One woman said, that her poor little Jacky's fits had come upon him the very day after he had passed over the wold, and that he had then received a stroke from an evil eye; another declared that her only cow had grazed one day upon the wold, and had sickened directly and died; and a third, a labourer, asserted, that at the time the lightning fired his master's haystack, he had seen this very old woman ride through the air on a broomstick.

Numberless other charges were brought against her, and they were proceeding to tie her legs and arms and throw her into the river, it being decided that if she swam in that situation she was certainly a witch: so that the poor creature undergoing such a discipline had in no case a chance for her life; for, if she was thus convicted of witchcraft, she would be tortured to death; if she sunk, she would inevitably be drowned.

But just as this mislead multitude had dragged their unresisting victim to the river's brink, a gentleman of the country, as eminent for his intelligence as his humanity, passed by; and enquiring what was the occasion of the riotous assemblage he saw, he interfered immediately,

mediately, and, being equally loved and respected, rescued the poor old victim of popular folly from the hands of her barbarous persecutors. His charitable interposition, however, came too late: though she was carried immediately to his house, put to bed, and carefully attended, she had already suffered too much from the rude inhumanity of the mob; and in about three days she died, giving into the hands of her generous protector the key of a drawer in the cottage, where she told him he would find a written account of her unfortunate companion, and of herself.—It was only the authority of this gentleman that prevented the villagers from plundering the hut; where, as he had been directed, he found the following paper:—

“As this narrative will not be read till the hand that writes it, till the heart that agonizes over it, are mouldering in the dust; the wretched writer ventures to relate his crimes and his sufferings; trusting, that his deep and sincere repentance, as it may have made his peace with heaven, will mitigate against him the indignation of mankind; and that when he is sheltered in the grave his name may be repeated without abhorrence. Yet were he not actuated by a latent hope that his sad story may serve as a warning against the indulgence of those fatal passions which have overwhelmed him with shame, disgrace, and remorse, he should willingly let the name of the wretch, and the remembrance of the evils he has occasioned, perished in oblivion.

“I was the eldest of the two sons of a gentleman of ancient family, and of very considerable property, whose ancestors had for some centuries inhabited the large manor house of Eddenham, on the borders of Durthwaite wold, and our family name was taken from that antique residence.

“My father, who had lost all his children by his first wife, and who was far advanced in life before my brother and myself were born of a second marriage, doated upon us with the most extravagant fondness, and denied

us nothing : to this fatal and ill-judged indulgence I owed my ruin, a ruin which involved in it that of all my family.

“ Though I expended, even during my being at college, more than half the income of my father's estates, he could not determine to check me in my wild career, consoling himself under the greatest inconveniences with thinking, that I was a young man of spirit, to whom some extraordinary indulgences were necessary, and that when the hey-day of youth was over, when I had sown my wild oats, I should become more regulated in my conduct, and that all would be well. My mother, who, though a good woman, was yet vain and weak, encouraged rather than checked these boundless indulgences. It was her pride, poor woman ! to see her son, when he was at Eddenham, make as great a figure as the noblemen in the neighbourhood ; and she delighted to tell of the exploits I performed in London, and the fashionable company I kept.

“ My brother, though almost as much indulged as I was, happened to be of a different disposition. He was fond of books and of retirement, and, at his own desire, took orders at the proper age, my father, having purchased for him a very considerable living not far from London. When I was three-and-twenty, I prevailed on my father to let me make the tour of Europe. He consented with reluctance, fearing he should not live to see me again. However, at the end of two years, which I passed on the continent, I returned, and found him but little changed. My mother too was living, and in good health, and they were both made very happy by the birth of a grandson, my brother having married about eighteen months before ; and he was with his wife and child now on a visit at Eddenham.

“ I had been in habits of seeing the most beautiful women in Europe, but so lovely a creature as my sister-in-law, it never was my chance before to behold. I became distractedly in love with her, and was not ashamed
of

of meditating how I should steal her from her husband, though that husband was my brother.

“ At first, the magnificent presents I made her, and my lavish flattery, were considered only as the effect of my general admiration of beauty, and my affection for my brother; but my behaviour was such as soon occasioned that excellent brother great uneasiness. He remonstrated gently with his wife, who treated him with contempt and disdain, resented his jealousy, and professed a determination to act as she pleased. My father and mother at last began to notice something strange among us. But I had now obtained such an ascendancy over the mind of my sister-in-law, that I cared very little for the murmurs or fears of the rest of my family; and unrestrained by any sense of honour, religion, or humanity, and in defiance of all the laws both of God and man, I prevailed upon her to elope, and we arrived unpursued at Naples.

“ There I soon found that a beautiful outside had concealed from me a disposition to every folly that degrades one sex, and a strong propensity to indulge in every vice that debases the other: but it ill became me to reproach her, of whose greatest fault I had been the occasion. No man, however, who commits a crime like that I had been guilty of, is long free from the admonitions of conscience; I endeavoured to drown the remonstrances of mine in wine, and by gaming and every other dissipation—but I was still unhappy. Judge then, oh! reader, what was my situation, what a miserable, a deservedly miserable wretch I became, when I heard—(the very recollection of my sensations still makes my hand tremble) when I heard—that my unhappy brother, unable to bear the loss of his wife, had perished by his own hand! that the infant boy, forsaken by both his parents, lingered a little while, and then followed his father to the grave! and that my poor old parents, reproaching themselves for having given birth to a monster like me, had both died within

a few

a few days of each other, surviving their son and grandson only about a month !

“ Heart-struck, I fled with disgust and abhorrence from the woman whose fatal beauty, and my ungovernable temper, had been the cause of these horrors. I sent her a sum of money, told her we must never meet again, and besought her to hide herself, her guilt, and her sorrows, in a convent :—but instead of doing so, she abandoned herself to such a course of life as soon destroyed her, and her death was added to the hideous catalogue of my crimes.

“ Pursued by distracting remorse, which presented all my murdered family before me, I fled from place to place—but none afforded me any peace. Wretched as I was, I thought a severer penance would alone relieve me. I determined to punish myself with the view of the spot where all my family had perished, the victims of my unpardonable wickedness. I came then with my old female servant, who knew my deplorable story, to the Wold. I should deservedly have been hunted from my own house by the people of the country as a wild beast. I therefore built a wretched shed ; and it has for some years been my custom to visit once or twice a day, and sometimes of a night, the house now falling into decay, where, but for me, my family might now have been flourishing and happy ; where my fond and venerable parents, whose grey hairs I sent in sorrow to the grave, might have ended their lives in peace and honour among their posterity ; where my brother—oh ! dreadful and distracting remembrance ! my mild-tempered, generous, affectionate brother, was driven by me to despair and to suicide !—Nightly, by the light of the moon and stars, as I have traversed these melancholy apartments, his bleeding ghost has met me ! Yes, my conscience has conjured up the most frightful spectres !—but, with a gloomy and determined resolution, I have sought rather than avoided them. On the floor yet stained with my brother’s blood, I have lain whole
nights,

nights, groaning in such anguish of heart as guilt alone can inflict. Amid the tempests of winter, in wet, in wind, in snow, I have prostrated myself on the graves of him, of his child, and my poor fond mistaken parents. I have prayed to the thunder to strike, to the lightning to blast me, in vain—and often have I held to my throat the weapon which should end my miserable life:—but a powerful hand always seemed to check me; a tremendous voice seemed to cry, Oh! wretch, live, live, that thou mayest suffer!

“Let those who tremble at a description of my horrible sufferings, learn early to combat those passions which may involve them in guilt and in misery like mine.”

SCHOOL FOR PARENTS.

RESUMED.

BY A. K. ISLEWORTH.

(Continued from page 49.)

Beauties in vain their sparkling eyes may roll,
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

POPE.

SCARCELY had Mr. Selby tasted with his amiable sister, the calm pleasure of social life and domestic tranquillity, before his serenity was interrupted by her sudden indisposition. A medical assistant was instantly summoned, who pronounced that her disorder had every appearance of terminating in a malignant fever. It then occurred to Mr. Selby, that his sister had frequently been to relieve a poor family of distressed cottagers, that had been struggling with the same malady. That she had imbibed the infection was sufficiently obvious, though this circumstance they carefully concealed from the suffering patient.

Long and severe was her indisposition, but at length youth, aided by the power of medicine, and the unre-

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mitting attention of Mr. Selby, and his domestic, baffled the pernicious effects of the disease, and Catharine appeared for some time restored to convalescence. But still a melancholy languor (owing to the severity of her late disorder) pervaded her frame and depressed her spirits. A consumption, it was feared, would be the fatal effects of the great shock her constitution had sustained. To avert, if possible, an evil so alarming, which threatened to destroy, at one stroke, all the promised repose of his future days, Mr. Selby, as we have before seen, set out for London in search of that assistance apparently so necessary for the recovery of his sister's health.

On their way to the metropolis, after their departure from the Baronet's, Mr. Selby asked Catharine her opinion of his young friend. The natural frankness of her heart admitted no disguise, and she ingenuously acknowledged that she thought Mr. Ormsby a very amiable and a very handsome man. "Few women," said Mr. Selby, smiling, "think it worth while to examine a man's mental qualifications, unless his exterior graces first rivet their attention." "It may be so, my sage brother," replied Catharine, smiling in her turn, "but I think you must allow that the same observation may be extended to both sexes with equal propriety." "It cannot be generally applied," said Mr. Selby, "men are not so easily attracted by mere beauty, as you may suppose them to be." "Indeed," replied Catharine, "how then will you account for women of understanding being frequently overlooked or disregarded in circles where a pretty trifler shall be caressed, flattered, and surrounded?" "The reason is very obvious, my dear Catharine," answered Mr. Selby, "every one expects to find a pretty woman a mere trifler, and it is very seldom that they are disappointed; besides, the young men of the present day go into company to be amused, not instructed, to talk themselves, not to listen to others.—On the other hand, your women of under-
standing

standing are generally insufferably overbearing; they lay down rules which they expect others to abide by; they teach virtues which they do not practise, and descant on subjects they have never studied."

"With due deference to your judgment," said Catharine, "you must permit me to say, that no person could discover a woman of understanding by the description you have here given of her; they might find a pretender to wit, learning, and science, but not a woman of understanding. "Well! well," said Mr. Selby, "it may be so—let us return to my friend Ormsby."

Catharine bowed, and her brother informed her that the Baronet had confided to him a design he had upon the liberty of his son, and entreats me, on our return," he added, "to promote his views, by persuading my late pupil to comply with his wishes. "Does Mr. Ormsby, then, object to the lady his father proposes to him?" said Catharine. "He at present knows nothing of the matter," said Mr. Selby, "nor does the lady. Though the wishes of the parents, on both sides, are centered in the union, yet so unaccountably indifferent is Ormsby to the charms of Selima Pedigree; so inattentive in her company, so lost in his behaviour to her, that Sir James fears making those proposals to his son which he is bound in honour to the lady's father to bring forward, having given his promise to Lord Hubert Pedigree, that George should not, by his consent, marry any other woman." "Did you ever see the lady?" said Catharine.—"Not since she was a child; but if I may credit Sir James's judgment, she is very handsome, and to that power of her beauty he trusts for the fulfilment of his wishes. She is, besides, rich, young, and well born, a point of great importance with the baronet; and with all these advantages Sir James fears Mr. Ormsby will not like her."—Said Catharine, "What other qualifications can he reasonably expect in a wife?" "He may," said Mr. Selby, drily, "be looking

for a woman of understanding." "And is Miss Pedigree supposed to be otherwise?" said Catharine. "I never heard good sense enumerated as one of her qualifications, as you call them," replied her brother. "Well then," said Catharine, laughing, "you must endeavour to persuade him that a *pretty trifler* will be a very agreeable companion"—"for an *hour* or for a *day*, but not for *LIFE*, Catharine." "I thought you just now supported a contrary opinion." "We were not then speaking of a union for *LIFE*, sister, for assuredly if a man of sense is united to a weak, vain, and trifling woman, his life must be one continual scene of torment and anxiety; on the other hand, a learned wife will seldom condescend to study those domestic comforts, those indispensable duties on which so materially depends the peace, the happiness, the welfare of a family." "But between these two extremes is there no medium?" said Catharine. "Why yes," replied Mr. Selby, "I think there is, nor do I see any difficulty in supposing that a woman of sense may attain a sufficient knowledge, both of books and men, to render her conversation agreeable and her manners polished, without losing sight of that engaging simplicity, that interesting modesty of behaviour and deportment, that while it addresses the senses steals imperceptibly into the heart." "Indeed," replied Catharine, "you seem so true a delineator of the power of such a woman, that I am inclined to think you speak experimentally on the subject." "Indeed I do not," was the reply.

Catharine looked incredulous, which Mr. Selby observing, added, "inquietude, dependence, and uncertainty, in early youth, left me no leisure to think of love. Marry I could not, for I did not possess the means of providing for a rising family; and seduction I have ever looked upon as *one of the worst of crimes*! Never," said he, "could I have forgiven myself if I had at any time suffered my passions so far to mislead
my

my principles, as to triumph, with savage barbarity over the affections, wound the innocence, and destroy the repose of a confiding, unsuspicious, unprotected woman. Indeed, among those ladies with whom I have mixed, I needed but little caution to preserve my heart; few of them condescending to notice me, unless to ridicule my gravity and laugh at my expence." The carriage suddenly stopped and the conversation ended.

One fortnight they continued in the metropolis, and at the expiration of that time again set forward for Ormsby manor, where they arrived late in the evening of the second day. As their chaise entered the old beech avenue which led to the house, the voice of Ormsby attracted their attention; Mr. Selby bade the postillion stop; George immediately advanced, gave his hand to his friend, then, quick as lightning, flew to the other side of the chaise, and invited Catharine to walk with him to the house; fatigued with travelling, and weary of the motion of the carriage, she willingly accepted his proposal. Mr. Selby followed them, after giving directions to the postillion to proceed with the carriage.

The evening was beautifully serene, not a cloud intervened between earth and heaven to lessen the lustre of the azure concave, while the mild radiance of the lunar orb sportively threw her shadows over the surrounding scenery. The supper bell had not yet rung, and the trio of friends agreed to lengthen their walk by a circuitous path which led through the park to the pleasure grounds. During their walk our readers may easily suppose that mutual enquiries formed the first part of the conversation; after which they learnt, that Lord Hubert Pedigree, his lady and daughter, were then in the house. "How long have they been with you?" said Mr. Selby. "Seven days," said George, "by their own reckoning, but by my calculation nearly as many months." "How so?" asked his friend. "They are so formal, so proud, so trifling, and so troublesome,"

said Ormsby, "that I am weary of the sight of them. The only amusement that you can derive from their society, is studying the whimsicality of their characters." "Are they originals?" asked Catharine. "I never met with any before so singular," was the reply, "but you must judge for yourself."

On their arrival at the house, Sir James received them with his wonted hospitality, then formally advancing towards Lady Hubert, he introduced Catharine as the sister of his son's tutor. The lady drew herself up, stared rudely in her face, and haughtily asked her if she had not seen her some time back at Mrs. Melville's. "I was honoured, madam," replied Catharine, "for some years, by the friendship and protection of that excellent woman; but I have not the least recollection of your ladyship's name or person." "How should you, child?" cried her haughty interrogator, "since whatever you may be now, you certainly was then only an upper servant." "To be the servant of Mrs. Melville, madam," said Catharine, with a firm voice and collected dignity of manner, that charmed George and delighted her brother, "was neither painful nor degrading; for she possessed that rare generosity of soul, that knew how to make even dependance a blessing, and the hours which I have passed in her society, contemplating virtues that few like her practice, will be ever remembered with gratitude, and cherished with affection." Lady Hubert fanned herself violently. Catharine seated herself with great composure by the side of her brother, while Miss Pedigree eyed her with looks of supercilious contempt.

The entrance of supper soon after, gave some relief to the feelings of the company, at least it dispersed that sullen taciturnity which had taken possession of them. During their repast, Lady Hubert protested every thing on the table was spoiled—nothing was cooked in taste. Sir James, somewhat disconcerted, ventured to recommend one of his favourite dishes to the notice of Miss Pedigree, who,
with

with an unmeaning giggle, told him, "such solid fare was well suited to the boors of Ormsby manor, (glancing her eyes on George) but not at all suited to the more delicate organs of a woman of fashion." To this curious speech no one made any reply, and Miss Pedigree continued to taste and reject every thing that was offered to her. As soon as the cloth was removed, the ladies retired; Catharine soon after did the same, and left the gentlemen to the enjoyment of the bottle.

Here it may not be amiss to remark, that the love of wine was a passion which Hubert indulged to an excess; for to it he sacrificed his reason and his health. Sir James drank in compliment to his guest, and, after a little time, they began to talk freely of the treaty between their families. Lord Hubert declared the marriage should be solemnized within a month; Sir James declared that he was ready to fulfil all the engagements into which he had entered, and entreated George to press Miss Pedigree for an early day, who answered, that he had not the least inclination in the world to hurry the lady, or hurry himself into an engagement so indissoluble as that of an union for life. Sir James looked disappointed, and Lord Hubert was angry; but, however, he consoled himself with remarking, that *SELIMA PEDIGREE, with thirty thousand pounds*, was a match for the first family in the kingdom!

(To be continued.)

MILTON

MILTON GALLERY,

PALL MALL,

BY HENRY FUSELI, R. A.

Animum pictura pascit inani. VIRGIL.

He with the unsubstantial picture feeds his mind.

THE alliance between PAINTING and POETRY has been long acknowledged, and a variety of illustrations has been offered to the public upon this interesting subject. To embody the airy visions of the poet is an arduous task, and few talents are equal to the accomplishment. There are, however, certain artists endowed with that portion of a celestial genius that can execute almost whatever has been previously conceived in the imagination. Of this number may be ranked Henry Fuseli, R. A. who has afforded an ample proof of a talent for the sublime on former occasions. From such a master much may be expected, nor will the amateurs in painting be disappointed. Our English bard has in his writings exhibited beauties of every description, from the engaging delicacy of Eve, down to the terrific aspect of his Satannic majesty. These are admirable topics for the pencil—the very choice of such a poet evinces the taste of the painter, and the selection of its various parts accords with the dictates of an enlightened taste, and of a superior judgment. This confession must be made even by an enemy.

It will be impossible for the reader to judge of the real merit of these pieces, merely from the perusal of any description that can be given of them. To inspect them, and to inspect them *with attention*, is the only mode of ascertaining their genuine merits. Paintings must be contemplated through the medium of the eye—to that organ are they particularly addressed—and upon that sense they generate a most vivid impression. We shall

shall now state a few particulars respecting this collection.

In the MILTON GALLERY are *forty* paintings, twenty-seven of which are taken from PARADISE LOST—one only from PARADISE REGAINED, *Jesus on the pinnacle of the Temple*—one from the HYMN ON THE NATIVITY, the *Ruin of Paganism*—three from L'ALLEGRO, *Fairy Mab*, *The Friar's Lanthorn*, and the *Lubbar Friend*—two from IL PENSEROSO, *Silence*, *Chremhild meditating revenge over the sword of Ligfrid*—two from COMUS, a very fine one, the *Palace and the Rout of Comus*, the *Lady set in the enchanted Chair*, to whom he offered his glass, the *Brothers rushing in with swords drawn wrest the glass out of his hand; his rout flying*: and the *Orgies of Catytto*—one from LYCIDAS, *Solitude*. *Twilight*. To these pieces are added *Milton as a Boy with his Mother*—*Milton when a Youth*—and *Milton dictating to his Daughter*.

Addison, who was certainly a master of composition, lays down a specific rule by which the truth of poetic imagery is to be ascertained. The rule is—that we *paint* the imagery; thus represented before the eye, he is of opinion that any defect or incongruity will be instantaneously detected. By this canon of criticism has Milton been adjudged by Mr. Fuseli, and been found to abide the trial to which he has been subjected. This circumstance must lead us to entertain a more exalted opinion of our great bard, who the more he is examined, the more will he command our admiration. He, unlike the common herd of poets, will bear a microscopic scrutiny, and we shall rise from the inspection impressed with the highest respect for his talents and memory.

The *Twenty-seven* pieces from PARADISE LOST shall be now enumerated—to each of which in the catalogue are annexed the passages from the poem whence they are taken.

BOOK 1st.

1. *Satan* risen from the Flood *Belzebub* rising
Ver. 221.
2. *Satan* calling up his Legions. Ver. 299.
3. *Satan* haranguing his Host. Ver. 663.
4. Figures from a similar allusion to the contracted
form of the Spirits assembled in the new raised Hall of
Pandemonium. Ver. 781.

BOOK 2d.

5. *Satan* encountering *Death*, *Sin* interposing. Ver.
722.
6. The Birth of *Sin*. Ver. 752.
7. *Sin* pursued by *Death*. Ver. 787.
8. *Lapland* Orgies, the Hell Hounds round *Sin*.
Ver. 662.
9. *Satan*'s ascent from Hell. Ver. 927.
10. A *Gryphon* pursuing an *Arimasphian*. Ver. 943.
11. *Satan* bursts from *Chaos*. Ver. 1010.
12. *Ulysses* between *Scylla* and *Charybdis*. Ver.
1019.

BOOK 4th.

13. *Adam* and *Eve* first discovered by *Satan*. Ver.
325.
14. *Satan* surpris'd at the ear of *Eve*. Ver. 810.
15. *Satan* flying from *Gabriel* and the Angelic Squa-
dron. Ver. 985.

BOOK 5th.

16. The Dream of *Eve* fancying to have tasted the
Fruit from the Tree of interdicted Knowledge. Ver.
55.

BOOK 8th.

17. The Creation of *Eve* as related by *Adam*. Ver.
462.
18. *Eve* new created led to *Adam*. Ver. 484.

BOOK

BOOK 9th.

19. *Eve* at the forbidden Tree. Ver. 780.
 20. *Adam* resolved to share the fate of *Eve*. Ver. 953.

BOOK 10th.

21. *Eve* after sentence despairing, supported by *Adam*. Ver. 224.
 22. *Death* and *Sin* bridging the waste of Chaos. Ver. 293.
 23. *Satan* discovered on his Throne. Ver. 447.

BOOK 11th.

24. The Vision of the Lazar-house. Ver. 497.
 25. The Vision of the Deluge. Ver. 742.
 26. The Vision of Noah. Ver. 861.

BOOK 12th.

27. The Dismission of *Adam* and *Eve* from Paradise. Ver. 637*.

We shall dwell only upon those pieces that are taken from PARADISE LOST; and here we at once confess that those on the largest scale are by far the best in the collection. Among this number are to be reckoned *Satan calling up his Legions—Satan encountering Death, Sin interposing—Sin pursued by Death—Satan's ascent from Hell—Adam and Eve first discovered by Satan—Satan surprized at the Ear of Eve, starting from the touch of Ithuriel's Spear—the Creation of Eve, as related by Adam—Eve new created, led to Adam—Eve at the Forbidden Tree—Adam resolved to share the Fate of Eve—the Guardian Angels leaving the Garden—Death and Sin bridging the Waste of Chaos, and met by Satan on his Return from Earth—Satan dis-*

* The present list of Paintings are only the first series from the Poetic Works of John Milton.

covered on his Throne after his Return from Earth—the Vision of the Lazar House—of the Deluge—of Noah—and the Dismission of Adam and Eve from Paradise.

In each of these paintings the strokes of a master are discernible; and the spectator, who has the least relish for the writings of Milton, will gaze at them with delight and admiration. We pretend not to say that they are faultless, but we will declare that the artist has shewn a stupendous genius in the execution of such vast productions. The look of Belzebub, seated on a rock, and casting his eyes at Satan calling up the legions, possesses all the settled horror of a damned spirit. The aspect of Satan upon his return from earth, is expressive of the mighty mischief which he has long conceived, and now partly accomplished. The petrific mace of death, who, with hands uplifted, in the very act of bridging Chaos, is about to smite the aggregated foil, imparts a tremendous idea of the immense mole wrought over the foaming deep, of length prodigious. The countenance of Eve, about to eat the forbidden fruit, and the guilty serpent retiring back into the thicket, conveys a fine idea of the first transgression. The touch of Ithuriel's spear, and the starting up of Satan from the ear of Eve, are strongly expressive of the respective characters here delineated. And, finally, the Lazar house, crowded with objects, in whose features the maladies of the mind are energetically depicted, (*Moon-struck Madness* is terribly impressive) and indeed the whole is well calculated to excite sentiments of the deepest commiseration.

But though we are willing to pass the highest encomiums upon the genius of our artist, yet truth obliges us to confess that the pieces are evidently of unequal merit. Two considerations, however, here suggest themselves by way of apology; the one, that some of them are unfinished sketches—the other, that they are all the productions of *one* man, a circumstance which daily

duly reflected upon, will beget a spirit of candour rather than a disposition to severity!

Against one painting, nevertheless, we must enter our protest, it is that of *Milton dictating to his Daughter*. The scene is well conceived, but the unpleasant countenance and the uncouth locks of the great bard, displeased us! It is well known that Milton was one of the handsomest men of his age, and when at the university, was called the lady of his college: but the painter may reply he was *blind* in his old age—true—but his eyes (he himself tells us) in appearance were as fair as ever—this led him to say pleasantly to his enemies—"that in *this* instance *only* was he an hypocrite, and sorely against his will!"

Milton a boy with his Mother, and *Milton when a Youth*, are each of them beautiful in their kind—especially the former, where the parent at an open window leaning over her beloved child,

Teaches the young idea how to shoot,

And pours the fresh instruction o'er the mind.

We could have wished therefore to have seen *Milton* in his old age *dictating to his Daughter*, executed with equal felicity. We wanted to behold him represented to us with serene and dignified aspect—grave, but resigned, full of thought, "meditating on things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme." We longed to contemplate him in the last stage of his active life, with an appearance more suited to the dignity of his character and to the elevation of his sentiments. When occupied in the writing of *Paradise Lost*, he was, indeed, sinking fast beneath the horizon of time. But, like the sun in the firmament, he appeared the larger at his setting, and was about to rise upon generations yet unborn with a still greater degree of splendour and of glory.

ON READING.

BY THE LATE EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.

[From his Posthumous Works.]

“**R**EADING is to the mind,” said the duke of Vivonne to Lewis XIV. “what your partidges are to my chops.” It is in fact the nourishment of the mind—for by reading we know our Creator, his work, ourselves chiefly, and our fellow-creatures. But this nourishment is easily converted into poison. Salmasius had read as much as Grotius, perhaps more.—But their different modes of reading made the one an enlightened philosopher—and the other, to speak plainly, a pedant puffed up with an useless erudition.

Let us read with method, and propose to ourselves an end to which all our studies may point. Through neglect of this rule, gross ignorance often disgraces great readers, who by skipping hastily and irregularly from one subject to another, render themselves incapable of combining their ideas. So many detached parcels of knowledge cannot form a whole. This inconsistency weakens the energies of the mind, creates in it a dislike to application, and even robs it of the advantages of natural good sense.

Yet let us avoid the contrary extreme, and respect method, without rendering ourselves its slaves. While we propose an end in our reading, let not this end be too remote, and when once we have attained it, let our attention be directed to a different subject. Inconsistency weakens the understanding; a long and exclusive application to a single object hardens and contracts it. Our ideas no longer change easily into a different channel, and the course of reading, to which we have not too long accustomed ourselves, is the only one that we can pursue with pleasure.

We ought besides to be careful not to make the order of our thoughts subservient to that of our subjects; this would be to sacrifice the principal to the accessory.

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The use of our reading is to aid us in thinking. The perusal of a particular work gives birth, perhaps, to ideas unconnected with the subject of which it treats. I wish to pursue these ideas—they withdraw me from my proposed plan of reading, and throw me into a new track, and from thence, perhaps, into a second and a third. At length I begin to perceive whither my researches tend: this result, perhaps, may be profitable; it is worth while to try: whereas, had I followed the high road, I should not have been able at the end of my long journey to retrace the progress of my thoughts.

This plan of reading is not applicable to our early studies, since the severest method is scarcely sufficient to make us conceive objects altogether new. Neither can it be adopted by those who read in order to write, and ought to dwell on this subject till they have founded its depths. These reflections, however, I do not absolutely warrant, on the supposition that they are just; they may be so, perhaps, for myself only. The constitution of minds differs like that of bodies: the same regimen will not suit all. Each individual ought to study his own.

To read with attention, exactly to define the expressions of our author, never to admit a conclusion without comprehending its reason, often to pause, reflect, and interrogate ourselves; these are so many advices which it is easy to give, but difficult to follow. The same may be said of that almost evangelical maxim of forgetting friends, country, religion, of giving merit its due praise, and embracing truth wherever it is to be found.

But what ought we to read? Each individual must answer this question for himself agreeably to the object of his studies. The only general precept that I would venture to give, is that of *Pliny*, "to read much rather than many things,"—to make a careful selection of the best works, and to render them familiar to us

by attentive and repeated perusals. Without expatiating on the authors so generally known and approved, I would simply observe, that in matters of reasoning, the best are those who have augmented the number of useful truths, who have discovered truths of whatever nature they may be; in one word those *bold spirits*, who quitting the beaten tract, prefer being in the wrong alone, to being in the right with the multitude. Such authors increase the number of our ideas, and even their mistakes are useful to their successors. With all the respect due to Mr. Locke, I would not, however, neglect the works of those academicians, who destroy errors without hoping to substitute truth in their stead*.

In works of fancy, invention ought to bear away the palm, chiefly that invention which creates a new kind of writing; and next, that which displays the charms of novelty in its subject, characters, situations, pictures, thoughts, and sentiments. Yet this invention will miss its effect, unless it be accompanied with a genius capable of adapting itself to every variety of the subject; successively sublime, pathetic, flowery, majestic and playful; and with a judgment which admits nothing indecorous, and a style which expresses well whatever *ought* to be said. As to compilations which are intended merely to treasure up the thoughts of others, I ask whether they are written with perspicuity, whether superfluities are lopped off and dispersed, observations skilfully collected, and agreeably to my answers to those questions, I estimate the merit of such performances.

* This very paragraph manifests the *sceptical* temper of Mr. Gibbon. May not his rejection of Christianity be ascribed to this single circumstance—"preferring to be in the wrong *alone*, to being in the right with *the multitude*?" Such persons may be emphatically termed *bold spirits*—for by their unbelief serious consequences are hazarded.—Ed.

SPANISH

SPANISH THEATRE.

[From Southey's Travels.]

Tuesday night.

I AM just returned from the Spanish comedy. The theatre is painted with a muddy light blue, and a dirty yellow, without gilding, or any kind of ornament. The boxes are engaged by the season: and subscribers only, with their friends, admitted to them, paying a *pesetta* each. In the pit are the men, each seated as in a great armed chair; the lower class stand behind these seats: above are the women, for the sexes are separated, and so strictly, that an officer was broke at Madrid, for intruding into the female places. The boxes, of course, hold family parties. The centre box, over the entrance of the pit, is appointed for the magistrates, covered in the front with red stuff, and ornamented with the royal arms. The motto is a curious one; "*Silencio y no fumar.*" "Silence, and no smoking." The comedy, of course, was very dull to one who could not understand it. I was told that it contained some wit, and more obscenity; but the only comprehensible joke to me, was, "Ah!" said in a loud voice by one man, and "Oh!" replied equally loud by another, to the great amusement of the audience. To this succeeded a Comic Opera; the characters were represented by the most ill-looking man and woman I ever saw. My Swedish friend's island of *hares and rabbits* could not have a fitter king and queen. The man's dress was a thread-bare brown coat lined with silk, that had once been white, and dirty corduroy waistcoat and breeches; his beard was black, and his neckcloth and shoes dirty:—but his face! jack-ketch might sell the reversion of his fee for him, and be in no danger of defrauding the purchaser. A soldier was the other character, in old black velvet breeches; with a pair of garters reaching above the knee, that appeared to have

been made out of some blacksmith's old leathern apron. A farce followed, and the hemp-stretch man again made his appearance, having blacked one of his eyes to look blind. M. observed that he looked better with one eye than with two, and we agreed, that the loss of his head would be an addition to his beauty. The prompter stands in the middle of the stage, about half-way above it, before a little tin skreen, not unlike a man in a cheese-toaster. He read the whole play with the actors, in a tone of voice equally loud; and when one of the performers added a little of his own wit, he was so provoked as to abuse him aloud, and shake the book at him. Another prompter made his appearance to the Opera, unshaved, and dirty beyond description: they both used as much action as the actors. The scene that falls between the acts would disgrace a puppet-show at an English fair; on one side is a hill, in size and shape like a sugar-loaf, with a temple on the summit, exactly like a watch-box; on the other Parnassus, with Pegasus striking the top in his flight, and so giving a source to the waters of Helicon; but such is the proportion of the horse to the mountain, that you would imagine him to be only taking a flying leap over a large ant-hill, and think he would destroy the whole œconomy of the state, by kicking it to pieces. Between the hills lay a city; and in the air sits a duck-legged Minerva, surrounded by flabby Cupids. I could see the hair-dressing behind the scenes: a child was suffered to play on the stage, and amuse himself by sitting on the scene, and swinging backward and forward, so as to endanger setting it on fire. Five chandeliers were lighted by only twenty candles. To represent night, they turned up two rough planks, about eight inches broad, before the stage lamps; and the musicians, whenever they retired, blew out their tallow candles. But the most singular thing, is their mode of drawing up the curtain. A man climbs up to the roof, catches hold of a rope, and then jumps down; the weight of his body raising the curtain, and that

that of the curtain breaking his fall. I did not see one actor with a clean pair of shoes. The women wore in their hair a tortoise-shell comb to part it; the back of which is concave, and so large as to resemble the front of a small bonnet. This would not have been inelegant, if their hair had been clean and without powder, or even appeared decent with it. I must now to supper. When a man must diet on what is disagreeable, it is some consolation to reflect that it is wholesome; and this is the case with the wine: but the bread here is half gravel, owing to the soft nature of their grindstones. Instead of tea, a man ought to drink Adams's solvent with his breakfast.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

TOWARDS the close of the last month, Mr. Sheridan brought out his exquisitely delightful Tragedy of *PIZARRO*, altered from the *Death of Rolla*, by Kotzebue, which is founded upon the *Incas* of Marmon-
tel.

A few particulars of the history of Pizarro shall be here produced, as it will serve to illustrate the plot of this justly admired dramatic production.

Francis Pizarro, the conqueror, was celebrated rather for his abilities than for his virtues, his glory being tarnished by the cruelties which he practised towards those whom he conquered. After a variety of hazardous adventures, he landed in Peru, 1531, when the forces of the empire were divided by an obstinate civil war between Huascar, the legitimate monarch, and Atabalipa, his half brother. He became the ally of the latter, but
taking

taking advantage of his good faith, he made a sudden attack upon him, and took him prisoner. The exaction of an immense ransom from Atabalipa, yet, afterwards, detaining him for trial and execution, and, together with the insults superadded by bigotry, to make him die a Christian, contribute to accumulate disgrace upon the head of the treacherous and unfeeling conqueror.

In 1537 Pizarro found a new enemy in his original associate Amalgro, who claiming Cuzco, the ancient capital of Peru, got possession of it. They came to an engagement, in which Amalgro was defeated and taken prisoner, and, after an interval of confinement, tried and executed. This, however, was the last of Pizarro's successes, for the sons and friends of Almagro conspired against him, and on June 26, 1541, he was assassinated in his palace, advanced in years, though his exact age is not known. The glory he justly acquired by military talents, courage, and sagacity, would have placed him in the ranks of heroes, had not his character been disgraced by the indelible stains of perfidy and cruelty.

Such is the *real* Pizarro in history, after whose name this tragedy is denominated. Now we proceed to the plot.

Many of the Spaniards disgusted by the vices of Pizarro, abandon him and unite themselves to Alonzo, who espouses the cause of the Peruvians. Rolla is a Peruvian hero of the most heroic cast; his sentiments and conduct being worthy of the highest admiration. Admiring Kora, a Peruvian lady, he nobly gives her up to his friend Alonzo, to both of whom he always behaves with the utmost kindness and attention. Pizarro, it must be here remembered, was attended to America by a Spanish lady of great beauty, whose name is Elvira, and who is attached to him purely from the contemplation of his adventurous genius, braving every danger and difficulty.

Soon after the play opens, Alonzo, through the fortune of war, falls into the hands of the Spaniards, and the
infamous

infamous Pizarro intends to glut his vengeance by putting him to death at sun-rise next morning. From this base and cruel act Elvira tries every means of dissuading him, but in vain. He is bent on his diabolical purpose, and she, in consequence, resolves upon Pizarro's destruction ! Kora, the wife of Alonzo, is torn by suspense and anguish, but Rolla tells her he is taken, and expecting to die, sends her his last words—desiring that he would become her husband, and the father to her son. Kora suggests, in the agony of her distress, that he might have put him to death, in order to possess her ! recollecting his former passion. Rolla recoiling at this most unjust suspicion, hastens to release Alonzo from his prison, and remains in his stead ; this is accomplished by assuming a friar's habit, and the guard having rejected jewels and gold, is bribed by the feelings of humanity. Alonzo now escaped, and Rolla occupying his dungeon, Elvira enters to release Alonzo, but meeting Rolla tempts him to stab Pizarro, sleeping in his tent. Rolla disdains becoming his assassin, though Elvira hints that assassinating a man in his sleep is not more base, than putting a man to death who is already a captive and in chains ! He awakes Pizarro from his sleep, after having observed the *interrupted* slumbers of guilt. The tyrant, struck with the generosity of the man, who, having an opportunity of taking away his life, did not avail himself of it, assures Rolla that he shall not be injured. Elvira, surprized to see Pizarro still alive and enraged, confesses that she meant to have him assassinated. She is doomed to die, but Rolla goes back to his countrymen.

The next scene introduces us to Kora, with her child, in a forest, amidst the complicated horrors of thunder and lightning ! Here the voice of Alonzo reaches the ear of Kora, and flying to find him, she leaves behind her the child, sleeping under the cover of her veil ; but two Spanish soldiers strolling that way, take the child along with them. Upon her return she goes in rapture to shew the child to Alonzo, whom she has found, but
upon

upon lifting up the veil she observes the child gone, and is distracted at the sight. The child is carried to Pizarro, the wretch, told by Rolla to whom he belongs, triumphs with malignity. Rolla entreats most pathetically to bear the child to its disconsolate parents, but Pizarro refuses to give it up, he, therefore, snatches it away. Rolla, running with the child across a bridge in the mountains, is shot, but staggering along besmeared with blood, bears the child to the parents, then falls at their feet and yields up the ghost.

In a subsequent contest, Alonzo and Pizarro are opposed to each other, the victory is for some time dubious, but Elvira entering puts a sword into the hands of Alonzo, with which the detestable tyrant, Pizarro, is slain. The piece concludes with Rolla's funeral.

Such are the general outlines of this enchanting piece, which in the celebrity of its characters, the elevation of its sentiments, the simplicity of its language, and the splendour of its scenes, exceeds all description.

The principal characters were,

Pizarro	<i>Mr. Barrymore</i>
Alonzo	<i>Mr. C. Kemble</i>
Rolla	<i>Mr. Kemble</i>
Atalipa, or Atabalipa . .	<i>Mr. Powell</i>
La Casas	<i>Mr. Aickin</i>
Elvira	<i>Mrs. Siddons</i>
Kora	<i>Mrs. Jordan.</i>

We will not pretend to enter into all the beauties of this play. But we must say that we never beheld a tragedy which interested our feelings in so great a degree, and which, at the same time, did not fatigue us by its length. Every act possesses its appropriate excellencies, and the scenes shift with a pleasing rapidity. The audience find their attention kept alive, and the whole leaves behind it some very advantageous impressions.

We particularly admire in this drama the character
of

of *Rolla*, uniformly great and impressive; even to the last the spectator is enamoured of him—he dies, sealing the last act of his benevolence with his blood! The acting of Kemble exceeds all praise. *Elvira*, likewise, demands our admiration. She bears an invariable testimony against the insatiable cruelty and brutal inhumanity of Pizarro, the Spanish conqueror. Mrs. Siddons, in this character, is truly interesting, and acquits herself with unusual ability. Kora displays all the powerful feelings of a wife and a mother. In particular, the agonies of maternal grief are affectingly depicted, and Mrs. Jordan here merits high commendation.

The Temple of the Sun pours upon the senses an enchanting splendour. The venerable priest—the delicate virgins—the blazing sun—the rich ensigns—the highly ornamented pillars, and the fire darting down from heaven and consuming the offering upon the altar, are well calculated to fill and distend the imagination.

The character of *Pizarro* is ably delineated, and shews the evil effects of an unbridled ambition trampling upon the dearest rights of humanity. Loving our country, we are here taught to hold every species of tyranny in detestation! Indeed the purest sentiments of loyalty and patriotism are blended together, and recommended to universal imitation.

COVENT GARDEN.

JUNE 10. After a season of success, variety, and exertion, on the part of Mr. HARRIS, the Manager, this theatre closed this evening with *Ramah Droog*, and the *Birth Day*. The audience was full and respectable. MR. LEWIS came forward and addressed them in these words:

“Ladies and Gentlemen,

“I have the honour to address you from the Proprietor and Performers of this theatre, to speak, in the fullest manner, their thanks for the unbounded patronage and indulgence throughout the season. No part of
my

my public duty would be so pleasing, could I find words equal to express their sense of gratitude, but that is impossible. Our future exertions will best speak our thanks, and gives us hope to retain that protection with which you have so highly honoured us; and feeling, as we do, the gratification of your good opinion, I am to assure you no efforts shall be untried to merit its continuance.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

JUNE 15. The Little Theatre opened this evening for the summer season, with a new play, in three acts, entitled *FAMILY DISTRESS*, translated from the German of Kotzebue, by Mr. Newman, under the title of *Self Immolation*.

The HERO of this piece is an amiable merchant, subjected to pecuniary embarrassments, whose anguish is augmented by the tender relations in which he stands, of a father, a son, and a husband. The plot consists in the variety of the means which present themselves of retrieving his affairs, some of which are rejected for their baseness, and others from a high sense of honour and delicacy, when at length he plunges into the river in despair, but is restored to life and fortune by a wealthy philanthropist, who becomes acquainted with his melancholy story. In the sentiments are to be found much truth and unaffected simplicity. All the little domestic wants that follow deranged circumstances, particularly such as relate to the child, are aptly introduced. We must, however, confess, that the arrangement of the incidents might have been made with greater felicity. Our interest in a tragedy should rise upon the spectator and engage all the passions of the soul!

Mr. Pope, Miss Chapman, Miss Leserve, Mr. and Mrs. Davenport, and Mr. H. Johnstone, all performed with ability. *Mr. Swindall*, from Edinburgh, made his first appearance in the character of HARRINGTON, the philanthropist; he displayed a correct judgment and an easy deportment.

The theatre has been recently decorated, and this new play, with which it opened, was well received.

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR JUNE, 1799.

TO THE SUN.

A FRAGMENT,

(Concluded from page 75.)

OR art thou nature's eye, to whose keen sight
The system's utmost circle naked lies?—
Oh, tell a curious mortal all thou seest !
Say, by what various beings tenanted,
The orbs that borrow thy refulgent blaze ;
Made of what matter ; moulded to what form ;
Blest with what organs ; with what minds inform'd ;
Spur'd by what passions ; on what arts intent :
Eager in what pursuits ; and by what ties
Combin'd :—Oh, say, all-searching radiance, say,
(For doubtless moral and immortal all,)
Taught by what discipline the generous love
Of beauteous virtue ; to what duties call'd ;
By what temptations urg'd to act those deeds
Which stain thy day, and by what motives fir'd,
With moral splendours, to outshine thy beams.
Say, radiant witness, if around thee move
A world, on whose o'erwatching angel's cheek
There rolls a tear so sad, there glows a blush
Of hue so deep, as our dark scene hath caus'd
In the griev'd seraph, who this circling earth
Wheels in her course, and with his guardian wing
O'er shades from ill ? All-seeing splendour, tell,
In any other globe that drinks thy rays,

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Swerves moral life, as here it swerves, from right?
 Fall elsewhere thy pure beams, as here they fall,
 On scenes whose colours will not bear the light?
 See'st thou, in other seats of being, fraud,
 Industrious deceiver, spinning fine
 Her artful web of complicated lines,
 To catch simplicity's unheeded wing?
 Or meet thy view th' oppressive and th' proud,
 Who on their fellows look contemptuous down,
 And o'er them walk, as reptiles in their path?
 Or opens, shock'd, thy mild, and morning eye
 Upon the mangled lifeless shrine that lodg'd
 God's holy likeness, an immortal mind,
 That for this violation loud arraigns
 One, in the same celestial image fram'd,
 Who, (foul abuser of the friendly gloom
 Thy seasonable absence kindly made,
 To cheer, by freshening stops, the race of life,)
 Glid to the sleeper's couch, and seal'd his eyes
 In everlasting slumbers; while his own
 Abhor'd thy rise, and deem'd the blushing east
 Lurid and gloomy as the shades of death?
 Or stalks the murderer forth, and braves the day,
 As in our theatre of ills he stalks,
 With swarms of dire accomplices collegued,
 Countless as locusts in their blackest cloud,
 Of reasoning vermin an o'erwhelming plague!
 Most noxious class of all-destructive things!
 To whose vast rage, and arch malignity,
 The living curses torrid Afric breeds,
 Where quicken'd venom breathes, and monsters
 thrive,
 Are nature's innocence, and golden reign!
 Artists in mischief! keen inventive pests!
 Before whom all the blooming landscape smiles,
 (Ah, vainly smiles, their fury to disarm!)
 While nought but dreary waste behind them glooms,
 The dismal vestige of their withering course?
 Or stands our hapless planet all alone
 And singular in folly? only star,
 Of all thy beams illumine, where thy lamp

Rises to light the ugly works of vice,
 Or sets to veil them from detection's eye?
 Eccentric orb, in whose wild scene alone,
 The beams of intellectual radiance shine,
 And shine not all benignly like thine own?
 Or wilt thou tell, of thy revolving spheres,
 Which wears the bays of genius? whose quick sons
 Have shot, with farthest wing, into the field
 Of nature's works; or most sublimely soar'd,
 On eagle pinions, to that parent sun,
 At whose eternal glories thine were lit?
 Say, hast thou seen a creature's compass take
 An ampler sweep over the dread immense,
 Than that which turned obedient to the hand
 Of him we Newton name, our earth's proud boast?
 Or, in which world of this our neighbourhood,
 Hath there been wav'd a wand of mightier call
 Than our renown'd, immortal Shakespeare mov'd
 O'er nothing's vast profound, and said, let be,
 And, lo, it was! lo, a bright universe
 Of great and fair, of transports, and of woes,
 And charming fears! in bards or fages, say,
 Which is the ball that bears away the prize?—

ODE FOR HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTH DAY, 1799.

WRITTEN BY

HENRY JAMES PYE, Esq.

SET TO MUSIC BY SIR WILLIAM PARSONS.

STILL shall the brazen tongue of war
 Drown every softer sound!
 Still shall Ambition's iron car
 Its crimson axles whirl around!
 Shall the sweet lyre and flute no more,
 With gentle descant soothe the shore,
 Pour, in melodious strain, the votive lay,
 And hail, in notes of peace, our Monarch's natal day?

O, seraph Peace! to thee the eye
 Looks onward with delighted gaze;
 For thee the matron breathes the sigh,
 To thee their vows the virgins raise;
 For thee the warrior cuts his course
 Thro' armies rang'd in martial force:
 Tho' distant far thy holy form is seen,
 And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,
 Yet every sword that war unsheathes,
 And every shout that conquest breathes,
 Serve but to make thy blest'd return more sure,
 Thy glorious form more bright, thy empire more secure.

When northward, from his wint'ry gaol,
 Returns the radiant god of day,
 And, climbing from th' antarctic pole,
 Pours every hour a stronger ray,
 Yet, as he mounts thro' vernal signs,
 Oft with diminish'd beams he shines;
 Arm'd with the whirlwind's stormy force,
 Rude March arrests his fiery course,
 Sweeps o'er the bending wood, and roars
 Infuriate round the wave-worn shores:
 O'er the young bud, while April pours
 The pearly hail's ungenial showers;
 Yet balmy gales, and cloudless skies,
 Shall hence in bright succession rise;
 Hence Maia's flowers the brow of spring adorn,
 Hence summer's waving fields, and autumn's plenteous
 horn.

From climes where Hyperborean rigours frown,
 See his bold bands the warlike veteran bring;
 Rous'd by the royal youth's renown,
 Loud Austria's eagle claps her vigorous wing:
 Mid fair Hesperia's ravag'd dales,
 The shouts of war the Gallic plunderers hear,
 The avenging arm of justice learn to fear,
 And low his crest th' insulting despot veils:
 While their collected navy's force,
 Spreads o'er the wave its defultory course,
 From Britain's guardian fleet receding far,
 Their proudest wrath to scape, nor meet the shock of war.

MORNING.

TRUE as the morning sun quits eastern skies,
And o'er the earth his genial influence flings,
To cheer the drooping, bid the slumb'ring rise,
Strait from his lowly-bed the plough-boy springs;

And o'er the furrow'd field directs his team,
Whist'ling aloud his last learnt fav'rite air,
And hails the morn, and hails the cheering beam,
That drives away the gloomy ghost of care.

With well fill'd scrip across his shoulders thrown,
The school-boy now salutes the new-born day,
And, wand'ring o'er the dewy lawns alone,
Loiters at ev'ry stile his time away.

The lively songsters, with exulting wing,
Now soar aloft, now warble in the grove;
And live but to be happy, and to sing
To each returning morn, returning strains of love.

Then happy he, who in the morn of life
Attains those pleasures which can never cloy;
For in this various gloomy day of strife,
There's much to endure, but little to enjoy.

CIVIS.

ODE TO EVENING.

NOW along the evening sky,
Twilight leads her sombre train;
Now the hills in shadow lie,
Now the forest, now the plain.

See the sun's occiduous rays
Quiver o'er yon dimpled stream;
Hark, from yonder bloomy sprays,
Sweet birds warble—glow-worms gleam.

Now the shepherd tunes his reed,
Now the sturdy woodman yields,
Now the steers forsake the glebe,
And lowing, cross the verdant fields.

Sweet's the sound of rustic joy,
 As they lightly dance along,
 Dimpled mirth their cares destroy,
 Sorrows vanish with a song.

Pleasure beams in every eye,
 Joys extatic heave each breast,
 Blind contentment hovers nigh,
 Cheerful—ever welcome guest.

Sweet, O Eve's! thy silent hour,
 Solitude's sedate compeer,
 Fancy roves beneath thy power,
 Sympathy beguiles the tear.

Then hither come, oh! pensive maid,
 Steal along the liquid sky,
 Waft me to some silent shade,
 Where streamlets softly murmur by.

W. M.

THE VICTIM OF BACCHUS.

NAY! frown not, great Bacchus, that rubicund face
 Gay mirth best becomes, and a smile best will grace;
 So shake not your ivy-bound *thyrsus* at me,
 From your fetters, though silken, I'll ever be free.

'Tis true, with choice spirits I like to unbend,
 And, therefore, sometimes, at your courts I attend;
 But your tricks and your wiles I thoroughly know,
 And my story your tyranny plainly shall show.

Old Soak'em, who many a gin cag had drain'd,
 Most completely the habit of drinking had gain'd;
 Long time he the dangers of drinking had brav'd,
 His *fauces* were wide—*primæ viæ*, well pav'd.

Whilst his glass was uplifted, a season unfit,
 A summons from death came, this planet to quit;
 Old Soak'em, reluctant, begg'd longer to stay,
 But the messenger, *PALSY*, allow'd no delay.

Each breath that he drew seem'd as if 'twere his last,
The cold hand of Palsy now grip'd him so fast;
His wife for a doctor immediately sent,
Hoping Palsy, perhaps, might be brought to relent.

The doctor he came, shrugg'd his shoulders, and said,
"Dear ma'am, 'tis all over, death's debt must be paid :"
But the wife, to the doctor, most firmly replied,
"My husband shan't go till one maxim we've tried.

"This gin-bottle take, if one drop he but swallow,
"My life for his, a cure will soon follow :"
This said the good wife from the chamber withdrew,
Expecting the doctor her plan to pursue.

But pausing a little, he thought 'twas a sin,
To give to his patient this stark-naked gin,
So snatching a glass, which water contain'd,
To mix with the gin its contents he soon drain'd.

In the mouth of his patient, the mixture he dropt,
But none could get down, in his throat it all stopt;
And *Soak'em* discovering his swallow was lost,
Thought 'twas not worth living, so gave up the ghost.

Now the wife she rush'd in, and as spousy had died,
She, as a wife should do, sobb'd loudly and cried;
But a proper successor now came in her mind,
So she dried up her tears and became more resign'd.

Until looking about, with horror she view'd,
The glass she left full, quite empty now stood;
"Who emptied this glass?"—poor Betty was mute;
Says the doctor, "I us'd it, the gin to dilute."

"The gin to dilute!—you villain!—you thief!
"You've kill'd my poor husband and fill'd me with grief;
"He always did say, and he ne'er told a lie,
"*To my gin put in water—I certainly DIE.*"

BIBO.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MR T. GENT.

On reading his Sonnet to Melancholy in the VISITOR.

AH! why forgets the jocund strain to flow,
 Why sleeps, inglorious, youth's energetic fire?
 To what stern anguish, what domestic woe,
 Thus bends the vassal muse the tuneful lyre?

Unletter'd ignorance a tear may claim,
 When keen misfortune's iron host molest,
 Unpropt by manhood's greatest, noblest aim,
 Philosophy deny'd the untutor'd breast.

But, 'mid the various scenes by nature spread,
 To attract th' *enlighten'd* mind, the soul to raise,
 Can't thou, to ev'ry nobler feeling dead,
 Thus give to wretchedness thine early days?

Say, shall the rising sigh, the trembling tear,
 No more be check'd by friendship's genial ray?
 Thrice blest'd resource—bestow'd by heav'n to cheer
 The fainting pilgrim on his weary way.

Its dictates learn, that mind shall ne'er be free
 From fate's harsh frown, that bears her tyrant chain,
 Nor spurns th' oppressive weight—and long shall be
 The clouded days of misery and pain."

J. DAVIS.

ON PHILANTHROPY.

WHEN the eye of benevolence looks on distress,
 And, unnotic'd, his money bestows,
 The sweet impulse of pity his bosom doth press,
 And his heart with philanthropy glows.

To sooth the afflicted and soften their grief,
 To him is the sweetest of care;
 In poverty's bosom to pour his relief,
 And the taunts of the miser to bear.

These virtues in HANWAY and HOWARD we saw,
 Oh! Philanthropy, where dost thou flee?
 Alas! it is wounded by discord and war,
 And, fair peace, it lies buried with thee.

New Brentford,

W. H. GREEN.

EDWARD AND ANGELA.

L OUD Boreas blew, fast fell the rain,
 When urg'd by wild despair,
 Young Edward cross'd the darksome plain,
 O'erwhelm'd with grief and care.

No more fair Cynthia shed her light,
 Nor Hesper lent his ray,
 To gild the sable face of night,
 Or cheer his lonely ray.

But fearless o'er the dismal path
 The hapless mourner flew,
 Regardless of the tempest's wrath,
 That still more potent grew.

A pallid hue his cheek o'erspread,
 Which late outvied the rose;
 So fade the flowers that deck the mead,
 When Sol too fervid glows.

Long he had lov'd Angela fair,
 And long had been relov'd;
 But ah! his fire, with scorn severe,
 Their passion disapprov'd.

Each grace of form, and grace of mind,
 He knew the maid possess'd;
 But wish'd to see his Edward join'd
 To one with wealth more bless'd.

And now, to aggravate their woe,
 Had made the harsh decree—
 That he his charmer should forego,
 Or spurn'd and exil'd be.

This tore young Edward's hopes away,
And now with tortur'd heart
Towards her abode he bent his way,
These tidings to impart ;

But now the dome salutes his eye,
Where dwelt the peerless maid,
He enters with a heavy sigh,
And tears his grief betray'd :

But oh ! what pangs his bosom tear !
He starts with dire alarms,
When he beheld Angela fair
Clasp'd in a stranger's arms.

"What means," he said, "this cruel sight,
"This I ne'er thought to find ;
"Canst thou thy Edward thus requite,
"And prove at last unkind ?

"Oh ! heaven ! these dire tormenting woes !
"Why am I doom'd to prove
"A father's rage, that fiercely glows,
"The pangs of perjur'd love ?"

O'ercome with horror, pain, and grief,
The youth could speak no more,
And e're the pair could yield relief,
He lifeless press'd the floor.

The beauteous maid hung o'er his form,
With anxious thoughts oppress'd,
Till he reviv'd, when flush'd with joy,
She thus the youth address'd—

"My life ! my best lov'd ! my dear !
"Compose your mind and rise ;
"It is Angela's brother here
"Who stands before thy eyes.

"Five springs have deck'd the lonely plain,
"With flowers of every hue,
"Since there, impress'd with tender pain,
"I heard his last adieu.

" Since then he's been to India's coast,
 " And many a distant shore ;
 " Long since I deem'd his ship was lost,
 " And thought he liv'd no more.

" But now the ship's return'd once more,
 " With richest treasures fraught—
 " See, Edward, see this precious store,
 " He home for me hath brought.

" Then raze thy fears, nor longer pine,
 " Let hope illumine thy breast ;
 " Perchance now ample wealth is mine,
 " Thy fire will make us blest'd !"

More had she spoke, but Edward said—
 " Cease, cease thou faultless faint !
 " Enough I've heard, O injur'd maid !
 " Forgive my false complaint.

" And thou, kind brother of my dear !
 " Whom I till now ne'er knew,
 " Wilt thou forgive my jealous fear,
 " And seal my pardon too ?"

" I will," the gen'rous captain cried,
 " Then be thy sighs suppress'd,
 " Nor longer let despair reside
 " An inmate of thy breast :

" But banish ev'ry gloomy care,
 " Great riches now are mine,
 " And large is thy Angela's share,
 " Then let new hopes be thine.

" Come, share with us of this repast,
 " This hour in mirth we'll spend,
 " Then back unto thy father haste,
 " And tell this news, my friend.

" And soon as e'er the coming day
 " Displays her orient pride,
 " To us return without delay,
 " And tell your doom, he cried."

Young Edward promis'd to obey,
And now his thanks express'd;
And O! what bliss, without alloy,
Now reign'd in ev'ry breast!

The happy group eat of the feast,
Then Edward bade farewell;
Now Cynthia shone, the wind had ceas'd,
Nor more the torrents fell.

By hope inspir'd, with heart elate,
He quickly sought his home,
And soon with expectation great
He reach'd the stately dome.

The blissful news he told his sire,
And urg'd him to relent,
Which soon appeas'd the cruel ire,
And made him yield consent.

What passions seiz'd young Edward's breast,
What mighty bliss he knew!
The grateful youth his thanks express'd,
And then to rest withdrew.

The night elaps'd, Aurora shed
Her beams serenely gay,
He to his charmer's mansion sped,
The tidings to convey.

He tells his conquest to the twain,
What potent bliss they share,
And soon to the hymeneal fane
He led the blooming fair.

London,

D. J. W.

Literary Review.

General Biography, or Lives, Critical and Historical, of the most eminent Persons of all Ages, Countries, Conditions and Professions, arranged according to alphabetical Order, chiefly composed by John Aikin, M. D. and the late Reverend William Enfield, L. L. D. Volume the First. Robinson. 1l. 4s. Quarto.

THIS is an excellent biographical work, indeed the best which has ever fallen into our hands. The facts are well selected, the style may boast both of neatness and accuracy, and the characters of eminent men are appreciated with impartiality.

Such a general work, ably executed, was wanted. The utility of biography is universally acknowledged, and we congratulate the public on their being in possession of a work in which instruction and entertainment are happily combined!

Every life has affixed to it the initial of the author's name, by which we may guess the writer; who is thus rendered accountable for the sketch with which the reader is furnished. This volume just enters into the second letter of the alphabet; nor is it possible, in the present stage of its progress, to ascertain the limits to which it will be extended. Dr. Enfield, however, wishes to guard against prolixity, and, therefore, remarks—
“These articles we have considered as rather designed
“for being consulted than read; and we have com-
VOL. VII. R “prized,

“prized, under a few short heads of information, all that we had to say concerning them.

As to the *nature* of the work, it may also be best learnt from the Editor's own words—“For our materials, it is true we must, in general, have been indebted to the researches of former historians and biographers. The acknowledged accuracy and impartiality of many of these, will justify a liberal confidence in their statements of facts, especially when confirmed by mutual agreement. But in melting down the substance of different narrations into one, in proportioning the several parts, in marking out the characteristic features of the portrait, and in deducing suitable lessons and examples of human life, we have freely exercised our own judgments, and have aspired, at least, to the rank of original writers.”

A Missionary Voyage to the Southern Pacific Ocean, performed in the Years 1796, 1797, 1798, in the Ship Duff, commanded by Captain James Wilson, compiled from the Journals of the Officers and Missionaries, and illustrated with Maps, Charts, and Views, drawn by Mr. William Wilson, and engraved by the most eminent Artists, with a Preliminary Discourse on the Geography and History of the South Sea Islands; and an Appendix, including Details never before published, of the Natural and Civil State of Otaheite, by a Committee appointed for the Purpose by the Directors of the Missionary Society. Quarto. Chapman.

EVER since the discoveries of the immortal COOKE, the South Sea Islands have been the object of curiosity to the adventurous European. Voyages have been made thither repeatedly, for the purpose of ascertaining with more accuracy, the soil, climate, manners, and

and population of that singular region of the world. Every thing, therefore, which respects its history, must attract the attention of individuals who feel themselves interested in the welfare of mankind.

The Missionaries sailed from Blackwall, in the Thames, August 10, 1796, and reached Otaheite, March 5, 1797. Their voyage was, in part, stormy and boisterous, but met with no accident or interruption. Indeed they were obliged to alter their course materially; for, intending to pass through the Magellanic Streights, they were under the necessity of giving up their design, though they had reached the coast of South America. They left, therefore, this quarter, and ran across the Atlantic for some thousands of miles, till they reached the place of their destination.

Of the success of the mission little can yet be said with certainty, though every circumstance is here evidently extended and exaggerated, being seen through the medium of that enthusiastic ardour by which the undertaking was inspired. Many excellent persons, both in the established church and among the dissenters, have withheld their countenance from it for various reasons; nor do we apprehend that the perusal of this voyage will entirely remove all their suspicions respecting it. The cool and impartial spectator of their proceedings must wish that their *zeal was more according to knowledge*. There is, however, a way opened for other missionaries, who will, no doubt, avail themselves, at some future period, of the opportunity presented them for affording the inhabitants of the South Sea Islands more rational and just views of the Christian religion. The scriptures being once put into the hands of these ignorant people, they will, by degrees, exercise their own reason, and ascertain the real design and tendency of Revelation, which is confined to no sect or party, but intended, by the extent of its promises to benefit, the whole creation of God.

In detailing the transactions of the Missionaries in
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these islands, we were very sorry to find a recital of what passed between them and the women, calculated to offend modest readers of every description. There was no necessity for bringing such scenes forwards, particularly that of poor *Harris*, which ought to have been buried in eternal oblivion. At such paragraphs the infidel sneers, and the sober-minded Christian shuts up the book in disgust.

The Appendix is curious, and contains some pleasing information respecting the Otaheitans.

The maps and prints are neatly executed, and the volume, with the above exceptions, may be read with pleasure.

Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education, with a View of the Principles and Conduct prevalent among Women of Rank and Fortune. By Hannah More. Two Volumes. Second Edition, corrected. Cadell.

MISS More has, in this work, employed her elegant pen to expose the abuses and follies of the fashionable world. The undertaking is hazardous, nor will it, we are afraid, meet with the attention which the importance of the object demands. Her good intention, however, remains equally meritorious, and she has discharged her duty to society.

But though we applaud the design of these volumes, and are, in general, pleased with the execution, yet we must enter our protest against that horrible tenet, that man is *naturally* depraved, which Miss More places at the foundation of her system of amendment. For our part, we are of opinion that the Divine Being *still* creates man in *his own image*; and that his depravity proceeds from his own individual degeneracy.

This work may, with propriety, be deemed an appendix to Mr. Wilberforce's *Treatise on Religion*, with
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this difference, that the fair authoress has addressed her reflections to her own sex. It contains many excellent observations on the follies of the gay world, and assigns with judgment the duties which ought to occupy rational beings destined for immortality.

The following strictures on *female education* are just, and we recommend them to our fair readers :

“ Though a well-bred young lady may lawfully learn most of the fashionable arts, yet it does not seem to be the true end of education to make women of fashion *dancers, singers, players, painters, actresses, sculptors, gilders, varnishers, engravers, and embroiderers*. Most men are commonly destined to some profession, and their minds are consequently turned each to its respective object. Would it not be strange if they were called out to exercise their profession, or to set up their trade, with only a little general knowledge of the trades of all other men, and without any previous definite application to their own peculiar calling? The profession of ladies, to which the bent of *their* instruction should be turned, is that of daughters, wives, mothers, and mistresses of families. They should be therefore trained with a view to these several conditions, and be furnished with a stock of ideas and principles, and qualifications and habits, ready to be applied and appropriated, as occasion may demand, to each of these respective situations: for though the arts which merely embellish life must claim admiration; yet when a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, and not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and dress, and dance; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason and reflect, and feel, and judge, and act, and discourse, and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, soothe his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children.

“ Almost any ornamental talent is a good thing, when it is not the best thing a woman has; and talents are admirable when not made to stand proxy for virtues. The writer of these pages is intimately acquainted with several ladies who, excelling most of their sex in the art of music, but excelling them also in prudence and piety, find little leisure or temptation, amidst the delights and duties of a large and lovely family,

for the exercise of this talent, and regret that so much of their own youth was wasted in acquiring an art which can be turned to so little account in married life; and are now conscientiously restricting their daughters in the portion of time allotted to its acquisition.

“Far be it from me to discourage the cultivation of any existing talent; but may it not be suggested to the fond believing mother, that talents, like the spirit of Owen Glendower, though conjured by parental partiality with ever so loud a voice,

Yet will not come when you do call for them?

“That injudicious practice, therefore, cannot be too much discouraged, of endeavouring to create talents which do not exist in nature. *That their daughters shall learn every thing*, is so general a maternal maxim, that even unborn daughters, of whose expected abilities and conjectured faculties, it is presumed, no very accurate judgment can previously be formed, are yet predestined to this universality of accomplishments. This comprehensive maxim, thus almost universally brought into practice, at once weakens the general powers of the mind, by drawing off its strength into too great a variety of directions; and cuts up time into too many portions, by splitting it into such an endless multiplicity of employments. I know that I am treading on tender ground; but I cannot help thinking that the restless pains we take to cram up every little vacuity of life, by crowding one new thing upon another, rather creates a thirst for novelty than knowledge; and is but a well-disguised contrivance to keep us in after-life more effectually from conversing with ourselves. The care taken to prevent *ennui* is but a creditable plan for promoting self-ignorance. We run from one occupation to another (I speak of those arts to which little intellect is applied) with a view to lighten the pressure of time; above all, we fly to them to save us from our own thoughts; whereas, were we thrown a little more on our own hands, we might at last be driven, by way of something to do, to try to get acquainted with our own hearts; and though our being less absorbed by this busy trifling, which dignifies its inanity with the imposing name of occupation, might render us somewhat more sensible of the tedium of life; might not this very sensation tend to quicken our pursuit
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of a better? For an awful thought here suggests itself. If life be so long that we are driven to set at work every engine to pass away the tediousness of time; how shall we do to get rid of the tediousness of eternity? an eternity in which not one of the acquisitions which life has been exhausted in acquiring, will be of the least use? Let not then the soul be starved by feeding it on these empty husks, for it can be no more nourished by them than the body can be fed with ideas and principles.

"Among the boasted improvements of the present age, none affords more frequent matter of peculiar exultation, than the manifest superiority in the employments of the young ladies of our time over those of the good housewives of the last century. They glory that they are at present employed in learning the polite arts, or in acquiring liberal accomplishments; while the others wore out their joyless days in adorning the mansion-house with hangings of hideous tapestry and disfiguring tent-stitch. Most cheerfully do I allow to the reigning modes their boasted superiority; for certainly there is no piety in bad taste. Still, granting all the deformity of the exploded ornaments, one advantage attended them: the walls and floors were not vain of their decorations; and it is to be feared, that the little person sometimes is. The flattery bestowed on the obsolete employments, for probably even *they* had their flatterers, furnished less aliment and less gratification to vanity, and was less likely to impair the delicacy of modesty, than the exquisite cultivation of *personal* accomplishments or personal decorations; and every mode which keeps down vanity and keeps back *self*, has at least a moral use. And while one admires the elegant fingers of a young lady, busied in working or painting her ball dress, one cannot help suspecting that her alacrity may be a little stimulated by the animating idea *how very well she shall look in it*. Nor was the industrious matron of Ithaca more soothed at her solitary loom with the sweet reflection, that by her labours she was gratifying her filial and conjugal feelings *, than the pleasure-loving damsel, by the anticipated admiration which her ingenuity is procuring for her beauty.

"Might not this propensity be a little checked, and an interesting feeling combined with her industry, were the fair

* This web a robe for poor Ulysses' fire.

ODYSSEY.

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artist habituated to exercise her skill in adorning some one else rather than herself? For it will add no lightness to the lightest head, nor vanity to the vainest heart, to take pleasure in reflecting how exceedingly the gown she is working will become her mother. This suggestion, trifling as it may seem, of habituating young ladies to exercise their taste and devote their leisure, not to the decoration of their own persons, but to the service of those to whom they are bound by every tender tie, would not only help to repress vanity, but by thus associating the idea of industry with that of filial affection, would promote, while it gratified some of the best affections of the heart. The Romans (and it is mortifying, on the subject of Christian education to be driven so often to refer to the superiority of Pagans) were so well aware of the importance of keeping up a sense of family fondness and attachment by the very same means which promoted simple and domestic employment, that no citizen of note ever appeared in public in any garb but what was spun by his wife and daughter; and this virtuous fashion was not confined to the days of republican severity, but even in all the pomp and luxury of imperial power, Augustus preserved in his own family this simplicity of manners."

We are fearful that Miss More, by carrying her ideas to the utmost extent, has injured the cause she meant to serve. Many of her own sex will be frightened from the adoption of her plan by the seeming austerity of her restrictions. We, however, are pleased with her honest censures of practices which she believes to be injurious to the interests of the human race. *Fashionable folly* cannot be too severely reprobated—it is the bane and destruction of society.

Poems by Thomas Smith. Manchester.

THESE pieces were written in a society of young men, formed for mutual improvement. Such associations are highly laudable, and though their productions be not of the first kind, yet they are deserving of our attention.

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The poetry of this volume possesses no extraordinary merit: but the lines are, in general, smooth, and not without harmony. *British Oak*—*The Violet*—*Man—Complaint*—*The Worm*—*Knowledge is Power*—*A Moonlight Walk*—*Progress of Habit*—*Sonnet*—*The Garden*—*To a Worm*—*The Tear of Pity*—*To Lucy*—*Knowledge is Virtue*—and *Charity*, constitute the subjects on which this young poet has exercised his talents.

The *British Oak* we transcribe, it is a fair specimen of the collection.

THE BRITISH OAK.

AN ELEGY.

To soothe the vain, the gelid bosom fire,
Or glory's proud achievements to rehearse;
Too oft the muse has swept the sounding lyre,
In all the meretricious pomp of verse.

I sing of Britain's Oak, the hapless fate,
Source of her grandeur, power and wealth immense;
The firm, yet floating bulwark of the state,
Pride of my country, and her fam'd defence!

And turn not, gentle reader, with disdain,
From aught which here portentous may be shown;
For know, whate'er time's ample rolls contain,
Sheer ruin marks exclusively her own.

Th' imperishable wreath of deathless fame,
Immortal virtue's brow alone entwines;
'Tis her's to light up glory's radiant flame,
When systems perish, or when nature pines.

By Zephyr shaken from the parent tree,
What time mild autumn's mellowing tints appear,
In fancy's eye, its acorn form I see,
The sport capricious of the varying year.

Yet, though not parent's fostering hand uprear'd
Its shrinking head, or propt its feeble state;
The genius of the sylvan scene appear'd,
Eyed its crude form, and watch'd its opening fate,

Protected thus by Pan's auspicious aid,
The gipsy, prowling for her casual prey,
The boar wide-ranging through the tangled shade,
Unconscious past, where heedless long it lay.

And long impassive to deserv'd applause,
Reckless of future ease, or future strife;
Till nature, true to her unerring laws,
Wak'd to new birth the latent seeds of life.

And first depress'd into its native mold,
Around it form'd the slow-collecting soil,
Impervious thus to winter's chilling cold,
It fondly hail'd the sun-beam's vivid smile.

The germ fermenting in the humid showers,
And by rich salts the tender juices fed;
Develop'd to the eye its vital powers,
Struck the deep root, and rear'd its infant head.

Revolving suns the genial process view'd,
The sap quick-mounting, and the foliage green;
Till, stately rising o'er the incumbent wood,
Its graceful form adorn'd the sylvan scene.

No browsing herds its symmetry destroy'd,
Its shoots no school-boy seiz'd with ruthless hands;
Full many a scowling blast its trunk defy'd,
And now pre-eminent it proudly stands.

Still stand, and waving wide thy darkling shade,
Invite the weary wanderer to repose;
Throw thy luxuriant arms across the glade,
Whilst the red apple blushes on thy boughs.

Unhurt by vulgar weeds, that rudely cling,
Unchoak'd by sullen ivy's noxious gloom;
Around thy verdant foot blue violets spring,
And the wild hyacinth delights to bloom.

And here the stock-dove, when she inly pines,
Her plaintive sorrows to sweet echo tells;
The sacred mistletoe thy boughs entwines,
And, pleas'd with thee, her mystic virtue dwells.

The

The lurid bolt, whose eye with lightning glares,
Impetuous urging his tremendous course,
Thy form sublime, in generous pity spares,
And spends far distant his resistless force.

Alas! to future danger wisely blind,
With glance prophetic, I thy fate survey;
A more relentless foe thou yet shalt find,
In hostile man, who claims thee for his prey.

Mark'd for ambition's shrine a victim dear,
I see the labouring axe apply'd with pain;
I hear the founding strokes, thy groans I hear,
Till thy big trunk falls thundering on the plain.

Now prone on the low earth's extended space,
Of all thy blooming honours rudely shorn;
Crush'd are those stately limbs, which once the grace
Of forests, cease the landscape to adorn.

Pan howling, seeks the impenetrable shade,
The Dryads shriek, their favorite's doom to see;
The hoarse wind murmurs through the distant glade,
And trembles every leaf on every tree.

So have I seen the youthful hero fall,
High-plum'd for conquest, and with glory fir'd,
Devoted to his country's sacred call,
He rush'd on fate, and in her cause expir'd.

Now borne with triumph from thy native woods,
And tortur'd by the stern mechanic's art;
To stem the boisterous rage of foaming floods,
Thou giv'st the aid thy buoyant limbs impart.

Nor mildly destin'd to the merchant's care,
Where peaceful commerce spreads her whitening
sail;

The produce of exotic climes to bear,
Skim the green wave, or catch the springing gale;

But where Britannia's hardiest sons unite,
Thou hurl'st her thunders on the trembling foe;
Bar'st thy broad breast to meet the coming fight,
Dar'st the dread shock, or deal'st the vengeful blow.

Escap'd

Escap'd the cannons' roar, the wreck, the fire,
 Long shalt thou sweep secure the billowy seas;
 And laurell'd with the fame thy scars acquire,
 Wave thy proud pendant to the buxom breeze.

Till envious time—so nature has decreed—
 Seals thy hard fate; nor can thy merit save;
 Infidious worms shall on thy vitals feed,
 And give thee slowly to the watery grave.

Nor at thy hapless destiny repine,
 Subject alike to death's imperious sway,
 The fate of mightiest realms resembles thine,
 Like thee they flourish, and like thee decay.

In the Advertisement it is mentioned, that in case this volume be favourably received, "Another member of the society may be induced to submit to the world a volume, consisting chiefly of translations from the Latin and Italian poets." We wish him success. The human mind is improved by exercise, and the public have, in few cases, been wanting in their patronage of juvenile exertions.

The Physician's Vade Mecum, being a Compendium of Nosology and Therapeutics, for the Use of Students. By the Reverend Joseph Townsend, Rector of Pewsey, Wilts. Fifth Edition. Symonds.

EVERY attempt to simplify the art of medicine should meet with encouragement; for upon the thorough comprehension and dexterous application of this art, depends the removal of those diseases by which human life is first embittered and afterwards destroyed.

The analysis is founded on Dr. Cullen's Nosology. Mr. Townsend, however, has taken much pains to assist the medical student; and profiting by the arrangement

rangement here given, the young practitioner will, no doubt, feel grateful for the aid afforded in the prosecution of his very useful profession. In this author divinity and physic seem to be happily united.

The Universal Restoration; exhibited in a Series of Dialogues between a Minister and his Friend, comprehending the Substance of several Conversations that the Author had with various Persons, both in America and Europe, on that interesting Subject; wherein the most formidable Objections are stated and fully answered. By Elhanan Winchester. Fourth Edition. Revised and corrected, with Notes, Critical and Explanatory. By W. Vidler. Parsons.

WE are glad to see a fresh edition of this little work, which, with a few exceptions, contains an able and satisfactory defence of the restitution of all things. That every individual of the human race shall be finally happy is an exhilarating truth—honourable to the divine perfections, and promotive of the interests of virtue and piety. It has been maintained by Bishop Newton, Dr. Chauncy, and indeed by some of the ablest divines, both in and out of the establishment. The notes affixed by the editor to the present work, are a valuable addition; and we recommend the whole volume to the careful perusal of our readers.

That the system of Restoration is unattended with difficulties, cannot be asserted; for no system is without them. But there is something so amiable and engaging in its prospect of futurity, that every benevolent mind must wish it to be true, and even the felicity of heaven will be augmented by an assurance of its certainty.

Botanical Dialogues between Hortensia and her Four Children, Charles, Harriet, Juliet, and Henry, designed for the Use of Schools. By a Lady. John-son.

THE charming science of botany is here explained with great felicity. To young persons, and especially to the female sex, its study has been warmly recommended. We are ready to join in extolling its uses; for a knowledge of the vegetable world impresses us with the wisdom of the Divine Being, and enables us to fill up, in an agreeable manner, several of the vacant hours of human life.

The authoress, after a very short advertisement, introduces the following recommendatory letter :

“ Derby, Aug. 24, 1795.

“ DEAR MADAM,

“ According to your desire, Sir Brooke Boothby and myself have been agreeably busied for many days in reading and considering your Botanical Dialogues for Children, and much admire your address in so accurately explaining a difficult science in an easy and familiar manner, adapted to the capacities of those for whom you professedly write; and at the same time making it a complete elementary system for the instruction of those of more advanced life, who wish to enter upon this entertaining though intricate study. We think, therefore, that not only the youth of both sexes, but the adults also will be much indebted to your ingenious labours, which we hope you will soon give to the public.

“ We beg to subscribe ourselves, with true regard,

“ Dear madam,

“ Your obedient servants,

“ B. R. BOOTHBY,

“ E. DARWIN.”

After

After such an encomium nothing more need be added respecting its merits by us. We may, however, just observe, that we have read the work with attention, and that it is deserving of the recommendation with which it has been honoured.

The Christian Monitor for the last Days, or a Caution to the professedly Religious against the Corruptions of the latter Times, in Doctrine, Discipline, and Morals. By John Owen, A. M. Late Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and Curate of Fulham.
4s. Cadell.

THE author of this performance is already known to the public by his *Travels through Europe*, which we duly noticed in our Review, and which have engaged considerable attention. He now comes forward in his more appropriate character of a divine, and affords proof both of his seriousness and ability.

The observations of Mr. Owen on the present condition of society amongst us, are, in many respects, excellent; and even where we do not coincide with him in opinion, we are led to admire the candour and modesty with which he expresses himself. He avoids, indeed, the thorny path of controversy, and with a commendable zeal directs his artillery against the reigning vices and follies of the day.

We join most sincerely with Mr. Owen in lamenting the degeneracy of modern times, and are of opinion that several of the means which he recommends would, were they adopted, contribute to the melioration of society. But we think that his admonitions should have been pointed more against the higher classes, in whose infidelity and licentiousness many of our evils have originated. In vain do the theologian and the moralist of any church, lift up their voices against impiety and profaneness, whilst the more powerful example of the

superior orders, with a few honourable exceptions, set at defiance every thing that has relation to virtue and piety. We should revert to the great source of our depravity, and effecting a reformation in this quarter, we should be the more likely to bring back the mass of the community from that thoughtless profligacy by which they are at present distinguished.

A Second Walk through Wales, by the Reverend Richard Warner. Dilly.

[Concluded from page 107.]

HAVING already imparted to our readers an idea of the information to be expected from this work, we now shall extract some entertaining portions. They will shew that the author can, occasionally, indulge a vein of pleasantry, and breathes fervent wishes for the happiness of mankind.

In his visit to the Castle of St. Donat's, Glamorganshire, the following curious incident is introduced :

“ We were indebted to the civility of the gentleman who conducted us through the building, and congratulated ourselves on the very different reception which *we* had received, from that of a *fellow-pedestrian*, who visited St. Donat's amongst the other remarkables of Glamorganshire, about six weeks ago.

“ This gentleman, who was alone, and accoutered in a manner similar to ourselves, had taken, it seems, nearly the same route with us, and being a man of much curiosity, his enquiries and observations had been very particular and minute. The disturbances in Ireland were at this time at their height, and the co-operations of the French with the rebels being hourly expected, the minds of the Welsh peasantry (who are very anti-gallican) had been filled with an unusual agitation and alarm; which rendered them suspicious of every person whose appearance was at all questionable, and character not perfectly known. Our traveller, unfortunately, to
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the peculiarities of his dress, and his extreme curiosity, added that alarming symptom of an incendiary, a *black crop*, and therefore, it is not to be wondered at if he excited to a great degree the suspicion of the good folks of Llantwit. Probably, however, it would not have burst into action, had not their fears been increased by the information of an old woman from St. Donat's castle, who, big with terror, posted over to Llantwit, and assured its inhabitants, that a fierce looking fellow, with a pack at his back, a huge staff in his hand, and with several other singularities about him, had been taking plans of the castle, and pumping her for information respecting it; that he was even now concealed in the fields of its neighbourhood, that she had every reason to think he was a *spy*, and knew from his tongue he must be an Irishman. This was enough to set the whole village in a flame. The old lady's sagacious conjectures of the spy and the Irishman, naturally suggested a third idea, of his being *Bagnet Harvey*, who at that time was said to have escaped to Wales. Men, women, boys, and girls, to the amount of seventy or eighty, instantly prepared themselves for a pursuit; and armed with muskets and pitchforks, sticks and staves, took the road to St. Donat's. The corn at the time happened to be high and it was natural to suppose the object of their search might be concealed amongst it. Regardless of the crop, therefore, the whole party swept the wheat fields, dashed through the oats, and prostrated the barley; but without success. One of them at length, gifted with particularly keen organs of sight, pointed out an object in the midst of a wheat-field, which he affirmed to be a man. Another corroborated the assertion, by swearing he saw it move; and the whole corps were soon convinced that it could be no other than the Hibernian outlaw. The *musqueteers*, therefore, drew up in front, and approaching within one hundred yards of the object, discharged at once a tremendous volley upon it. Down tumbled the unfortunate victim, and forward rushed the valorous troop to secure their quarry; when, to their unspeakable astonishment, mortification, and confusion, they discovered on reaching it, that they had not levelled the formidable Bagnet, but their powder and shot had been thrown away upon a harmless *scare-crow*, stuck up by the provident farmer to frighten the rooks and magpies from his wheat. Quite ashamed of their mistake, the party had no

heart to follow the steps of our pedestrian farther, who, unconscious of the universal agitation he produced, had made a sketch of the castle, and was quietly sauntering on to Pyle.

"We were much inclined to give great credit to the heroes of Llantwit for their *active loyalty*, on this occasion, though it had been somewhat misplaced, till Th-m-s shrewdly observed, that as it was known one thousand pounds had been offered for the capture of the Irish rebel, either alive or dead, it was *probable* their zeal might be *partly* owing to a *less patriotic principle*."

Mr. Warner also mentions a circumstance which shews him to be a genuine friend to his fellow creatures:—

"Just as we were quitting the river Elan for the Aberystwith road, a sharp-looking little Welchman approached us. His countenance was familiar to me, and the man's look of recognition convinced me that I was not unknown to him. On enquiry I discovered him to be a person who had accompanied C——ll and myself last year through Cwm Yestwith leadmine. Having mutually greeted each other, I could not avoid asking after the welfare of another person who was of our party on the same occasion, Thomas Williams, the one-armed fisherman*. Knowledge, my friend, may be gathered from all quarters, and the trifling incidents of a cottager's history will sometimes furnish axioms for the moralist, or hints for the legislator. The honest miner informed me, that Tom had unfortunately gotten into a sad scrape shortly after my passing through Cardiganshire last year.—Though deprived of one arm by the accident I mentioned to you, he contrived to make very good use of the other, and handled his gun with the same skill which he exhibited in throwing his fishing-line. Colonel J**nes, to whom an extensive track of land in this country belongs, had repeatedly spoken to Thomas on the subject, and forbidden him to pursue this illegal practice, but without success. After many offences, however, Williams received a summons from the Colonel, who is a magistrate, to attend at Hafôd, and deliver up his gun. Thither the delinquent went

* Walk through Wales, p. 62.

on the day appointed, trembling with apprehension, and anticipating all the horrors of fine and imprisonment. The justice appeared; the gun was delivered up, and nothing remained but the sentence of the law to be pronounced, and the *mittimus* to be made out; when, to the great joy and surprize of poor Tom, the Colonel addressed him in the following manner:—"I am very sorry, Williams, that your necessities are such as lead you to illegal practices in order to supply them. Deprived as you are of the means of getting your bread, I have no doubt that times are very hard with you; but this, though perhaps some little palliation of your conduct, is no excuse for your acting against the laws of your country. Convinced, however, that you are at the bottom an honest fellow, and rather unfortunate than roguish, I will put you out of the way of being again tempted by *want* to do an unlawful act. You shall be my woodward; and, I doubt not, will do the duties of the place diligently and faithfully. Here, take your gun again; I shall not *now* be afraid to trust you with it."—The generous policy had its desired effect; Williams, penetrated with gratitude, thanked his Honour ten thousand times, and swore he would never in future poach a single feather or hair of game; a promise which, I find, he has religiously observed.—Happy would it be for civilized society, could a similar policy be extended to the criminal jurisprudence of *states*!—It is only by a long course of wickedness, my dear sir, that man becomes callous and irreclaimable. There are tender places in the heart of every *young* criminal, which mildness might affect, when punishment will not reach them. Thousands also commit little breaches of the law, impelled by dire necessity, who would shudder at the idea of moral wrong, if in happier circumstances; whom confidence and lenity might save, but whom suspicion and vengeance destroy for ever."

The subsequent adventure, which the writer honestly relates, illustrates, though in a ludicrous manner, the enterprising spirit of an antiquarian:

"The laugh has been sadly against me to-day, and, I must confess, with some reason. Not that the cap will fit *my* head alone, since many a zealous brother antiquary is equally qualified to wear it, as you will allow when made acquainted with the story.

"The

"The road to Machynlleth ascends a tiresome hill of two miles in length, but recompenses the traveller when he reaches the summit of it, by a magnificent view of the ocean, and the promontories and headlands which form the spacious bay of Cardigan. Whilst we were admiring this glorious scene, a man of very decent appearance passed us in his way to Aberystwith. Not knowing the track we were to pursue, (for a short distance from us were two diverging roads) we asked for information on this subject. It immediately appeared, that our friend was little qualified to give it, his dialect being a barbarous kind of language, composed of English and Welsh, with the proportion of about one word of the former to ten of the latter. We made out, however, that the left-hand road led to Machynlleth, and the right (as we understood him) to Kilgarran. You know, my dear sir, that I have an ardent passion for Gothic remains; the moment, therefore, the honest man mentioned the name of Kilgarran, I felt the *amabilis insania* strong within me; the noble ruin of Cardiganshire rushed into my mind, and, totally forgetting that we must have left it at least fifty miles behind us, I eagerly asked whether or not there were an *old castle* at the place he mentioned. "Yes," replied the man, with some hesitation, "but Mr. Pool is not at home at present." As I did not conceive there was any need of a *ciceroni*, to conduct us round a ruin, I instantly pressed my companions to quit the Machynlleth road, and visit this precious relick of antiquity. J——n, who did not admire an addition of twelve or fifteen miles to the walk of the day, seemed rather averse to this deviation from the direct track; but I knew how to interest his mind in the object, and immediately repeated, with all the enthusiasm that I myself felt, Warton's noble poem, the scene of which is laid in Kilgarran castle:

"Stately the feast, and high the cheer;
 "Girt with many an armed peer,
 "And canopied with golden pall,
 "Amid Kilgarran's castle hall;
 "Sublime in formidable state,
 "And warlike splendour, Henry fate."

This had the desired effect, J——n, and C. C——ll, were now "up to the game," and quitting the man abruptly, we
 set

set off at full speed, as if fearful that the old ruin would run away from us, before we could reach the spot on which it stood. We proceeded for two miles, without seeing any thing like the object of our pursuit. At length straining my vision to the utmost, I discerned at a distance something like an old building, and exclaimed, with the rapture of the celebrated geometrician, *Ευρηκα Ευρηκα*: "I have found it, I have found it!" On we pushed therefore, and in twenty minutes reached the ruin, when, lo! instead of a castle, we found a *dilapidated barn*. "Well," said I, shortly after, now I *cannot* be deceived, I see the extensive remains spread along yonder valley."—Once more we clapped spurs to our heels, and, defying the intense heat of a meridian dog-day sun, laboured through lane, and over field, "thorough bog, and thorough briar," for another half hour, when in lieu of Kilgarran castle, nought was to be seen, but a small groupe of peasant's cottages, with their sheds and out-houses. By this time the enthusiasm of my companions was entirely exhausted, and mine, I confess, like Acres's courage, was "oozing out at every pore," when an old man, a cobbler by trade, with spectacles on his nose, popping his head out of a cottage door, J——n asked him how far we were from Kilgarran castle?—"Alack-a-day," said the old man, who fortunately spoke English, "there is *no castle*, gentlemen, in this part of the world. The only house of consequence, near us, is *Cwrgarran*, the seat of Mr. Pool, which you passed about four miles back." The *antiquary*, you may suppose, looked a little sheepish on the occasion; he was, however, in merciful hands, who contented themselves with consigning to old Nick, all the ruins in the world, and swearing they never would go castle-hunting again."

The following account of Mr. Pennant is interesting and will affect the feeling heart:

"I walked to Downing, the seat of Mr. Pennant, about three miles from Holywell, who had gratified me by an invitation to his house, the seat of virtue, kindness, and benevolence, as well as literature, science, and taste. The walk is agreeable, and diversified, particularly towards the mansion, to which I approached by a rural path, winding through a beautiful well-wooded dingle.

" Downing,

“Downing, though not the original seat of this respectable family, is a house of some antiquity, as the date 1627 in the front of it evinces. Its plan is judicious and commodious, and the situation, like that of all the rural residences of our ancestors, is low, sequestered, and sheltered. The little valley, in the bottom of which it stands, is formed by two finely-swelling hills, that rise to the east and west, covered with the dark umbrage of venerable woods *; but which, sinking into a sweeping depression towards the north, admit a fine view of the Chester channel. Much taste is displayed in the laying out of the small but beautiful garden ground; where a judicious management, and an agreeable variety, give the appearance of considerably greater extent to this little paradise than it really lays claim to.

“To see the literary veteran, by whom the public has been so much amused, and so much instructed, in the peaceful shades of his own academical bowers, spending the close of an honourable and useful life in active beneficence, crowned with the blessings of the poor, and the love and esteem of an extensive neighbourhood, would have conveyed to my mind an emotion of unspeakable pleasure, had it not been checked by the appearance of ill health and gradual decay, which is but too perceptible in the countenance of this valuable man. Not that the conviction of his declining state disturbs the serenity of Mr. Pennant. Virtue, my friend, feels no alarm at the prospect of changing time for eternity. Aware that its proper reward lies beyond the grave, it does not lose its tranquillity when about to descend into it; but like the glorious setting sun, shines with a steadier light, and a calmer radiance, in proportion as it approaches the horizon of mortality. Such, my dear sir, is Mr. Pennant, who, full of dignity and honour, as well as of years, realizes the beautiful description of the poet:

“Calmly he moves to meet his latter end,
“Angels around befriending virtue’s friend;

* The oak reaches great perfection in these grounds. On measuring one, I found it to be twenty-one feet in circumference.

“Sinks

" Sinks to the grave with gradual decay,
 " While resignation gently slopes the way;
 " And all his prospects brightening at the last,
 " His heaven commences ere the world be past."

" Having spent a truly *attic* afternoon, I quitted Downing with reluctance, and walked quietly to Holywell, where my companions and myself have passed a most agreeable evening with Mr. Th-r--by, our friendly *ciceroni* to the manufactures and the mines."

In a very few months after this interview, Mr. Pennant died, so that this appears to have been the last public account of an interview with this excellent man, who was now drawing fast towards the termination of his active life. For a very particular sketch of his Life and Writings, we refer to our number for JANUARY 1799, where the curiosity of the reader may be amply gratified. It is pleasing to perceive in the volume before us, a brother tourist paying him so handsome a compliment; and we have transcribed it because we are happy in paying every possible respect to his memory.

We shall only add the concluding paragraph, which affords a pleasing specimen of the manner and spirit in which the whole work is written. It relates to Swansea, whence our tourist embarked for Bristol, and thus finished his busy excursion:

" The beauty of its situation, and its admirable bathing accommodations, have rendered Swansea the resort of many respectable families of South-Wales during the summer season; and an excellent hotel has been erected within these few years, near to the sea-side, for their reception.

" Here a fine hard strand stretches away to the south-west, embracing within its sweeping recesses the waters of Swansea bay, and commanding the enchanting scenery of the Glamorgan-shire coast.

" Even now, my dear sir, am I returned from pacing this sandy level, and watching, for the last time, the full-orb'd sun slowly sinking into the western wave. The evening, calm and serene; the face of the deep, smooth and tranquil; the
distant

distant hills melting into air; and the lingering tints of day fading gradually from the summits of the opposite rocks, formed a picture that irresistibly impelled the mind to serious reflection, and produced a natural question in my bosom, whether the wonders, the glories, and the beauties of nature, which had so often displayed themselves to us during our tour, had in any degree improved my heart, as well as interested my imagination. Accuse me not of vanity, if I tell you the *answer* was such as gave rise to a *hope* that they have not been altogether unproductive of improvement; that I shall return from an expedition extremely pleasureable, with an increase of humility, an expansion of benevolence, and an enlargement of every better affection; and bid adieu (though with regret) to the shores of Cambria, if not a *wiser*, at least a *better* man than when I first visited them, with no wish at my heart but the rational aspiration of the poet:—

“ Farewell thy printless sands and pebbly shore !
 “ I hear the white surge beat thy coast no more !
 “ Pure, gentle source of the high, rapt’rous mood !
 —“ Where’er, like the great flood, by thy dread force
 “ Propell’d—*shape thou my calm my blameless course,*
 “ HEAV’N, EARTH, AND OCEAN’S LORD !—AND
 “ FATHER OF THE GOOD !”

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Memory of an Old and Worthy Servant—On Wit—Imitation of an Ode of Horace—To a Friend on the Loss of his Wife—To Spring, from the Italian—Sonnets by Civis—and Reflections on revisiting a Village, shall be inserted. But we are under the necessity of rejecting A Pastoral on the Recovery of a Lady—On a Brother’s Wedding Day—On Religious Retirement—An Invocation to Content—and Lines on seeing the School for Scandal.—The Essay on a Watering Place is too severe.—Remarks on Nursing, and A Sunday’s Journal in London, are under consideration.—The Anecdotes of the King of Poland, and of a French Poet, meet our approbation.

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Scott sculp.

Count Rumford.

Published Aug.^r 1.1799 by H.D. Symonds Paternoster Row.